

K Aron de Voltaire

THE
PUPIL OF NATURE;
A
TRUE HISTORY,

Found amongst the Papers of
FATHER QUESNEL.

Translated from the original *French* of
MONS. DE VOLTAIRE.

L O N D O N,
Printed for T. CARNAN, at No. 65, in
St. Paul's Church-Yard.

MDCCLXXI.

1813

PUPIL OF NATURE

TRUE HISTORY



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MONSIEUR DE VILLARS

LONDON

Printed for T. C. B. at the ...

St. Paul's Church-Yard

MDCCLXXII

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THE
PUPIL OF NATURE.

CHAP. I.
*How the Prior of Our Lady of the Hill, and
the young Lady his Sister, meet a Huron.*

ONE day St. Dunstan, an Irish-
man by birth, and a saint by pro-
fession, set out from Ireland upon a
little hill, which swam towards the coast
of France, and arrived by means of
this conveyance in the bay of St. Malo.
When he was landed, he bestowed his
blessing on the hill, which made him

B

many

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many profound reverences, and returned back to Ireland by the same road it came.

Dunstan founded a little priory in the neighbourhood of this place, and gave it the name of the Priory of the Hill, which it bears at this day, as every body knows.

In the year 1689, on the 15th of July, in the evening, the Abbot of Kerkabon, Prior of Our Lady of the Hill, took a walk with his sister, Miss Kerkabon, along the sea shore, to enjoy the fresh air.

The Prior, now a little advanced in years, was beloved by his male neighbours, as he had formerly been by the female. What had distinguished him the most, was his being the only beneficed divine in that country,

country, that was not obliged to be carried to his bed, when he had supped with his fraternity. He was tolerably well versed in theology, and, when he was tired of reading St. Augustin, he amused himself with Rabelais: hence all the world spoke well of him.

Miss Kerkabon, who had never been married, though she had a great desire to be so, preserved some remains of her bloom at the age of forty-five. She was a sensible, good character, loved pleasure, and yet was devout.

The Prior said to his sister, looking towards the sea, Alas, here it was, that our poor brother, with our dear sister-in-law, Mrs. Kerkabon, his wife, embarked in the year 1669, in the Swallow frigate, to go to serve in Canada! If he had not been killed, we might have yet hoped

to see him again. Do you believe, said Miss Kerkabon, that our sister-in-law has been eaten by the Iroquois, as was reported? It is certain, if she had not been eaten, she would have returned to her country. I shall weep for her as long as I live: she was a charming woman, and our brother, who was a very sensible man, would certainly have made a great fortune.

As they were tenderly affected with this recollection, they saw a little vessel brought by the tide into the bay of Rence. They were English, who came to sell the commodities of their country. They jumped on shore, without regarding the Prior, or even the young lady his sister, who was greatly offended at the little attention they paid her.

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It was not so with a young man, very well made, who threw himself, at one bound, over the heads of his companions, and alighted opposite to Miss. He nodded his head at her, not being accustomed to make a bow. His figure and garb drew the attention of both the brother and sister: his head and legs were naked, his feet shod with little sandals; his chief ornament was his long hair, which hung in tresses; he had a little waistcoat, which discovered his finely-proportioned and easy shape; a martial, yet genteel air; he held in one hand a little bottle of Citron water, and in the other a bag, in which was a cup, and some very good sea biscuits; he spoke very intelligible French, presented some of his Citron water to Miss Kerkabon, and

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to her brother; he drank with them, and made them drink again, and this with such a natural and inoffensive air, that the brother and sister were charmed with him: they offered him their service, at the same time asking him from whence he came, and where he was going. The young man answered, that he did not know; that he had a great curiosity, and that he wanted to see the coast of France; for this purpose was he come, and was now going to return. The Prior, judging by his accent, that he was not a native of England, took the liberty of asking of what country he was. I am a HURON*, answered the young man.

Miss

* Under the name of HURONS, the French, when possessed of Canada, comprehended several nations, or tribes of Indians, found in the northern parts of America.

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Miss Kerkabon, astonished and enchanted to see a Huron behave so politely to her, asked the young man to supper: he did not require a second invitation, and all three went together to the Priory of Our Lady of the Hill.

The short, plump lady, stared at him with open eyes, and said to the Prior, "This tall young man's complexion is of the colour of roses and lilies. What a fine skin he has for a Huron!" You are right, sister, said the Prior. She asked a hundred questions in a breath, and the traveller answered them all very properly.

The report was presently spread, that there was a Huron at the priory. The good company of the district hurried away there to supper. The Abbot of

St. Ives came with his sister, a young lady, of Lower Bretany, who was very pretty, and well educated. The Bailiff, the Receiver, of the Customs, and their wives, were likewise at this supper. They placed the stranger between Miss Kerkabon and Miss St. Ives. Every body regarded him with astonishment; they all spoke and interrogated him at once. The Huron did not mind them. He seemed to have adopted my Lord Bolingbroke's motto, *Nil admirari*—not to be surprised at any thing; but at last, overcome with so much clamour, he said to them, with a great deal of sweetness, but with a resolute air, "Gentlemen, in my country, they speak one after the other: how would you have me answer you, when you won't permit me to hear you?"

Reason

Reason always brings men back to themselves. For some moments a strict silence ensued: his worship, the Bailiff, who always took possession of the strangers, in whosoever house they happened to be, and who was the most inquisitive man in the province, said to him, opening his mouth half a foot wide, Mr. — what's your name?

— I have always been called the Frank-one, answered the Huron, and they have fixed this name on me in England, because I always say freely what I think, as I always do what I please.

Being born a Huron, Sir, how came you into England? — Because I was carried there. I was taken prisoner by the English in a battle, after having defended myself well; and the

English, who love bravery, because they are both brave and honest, as we are, having proposed to me, either to return to my parents, or to come to England, I accepted the last; because I am passionately fond of seeing different countries. But, Sir, said the Bailiff, in his authoritative tone, how could you thus abandon your father and mother?—It was because I never knew either father or mother, said the stranger. The company were moved with compassion, and repeated all at once, Neither father nor mother! — We will do him all the service we can, said the mistress of the house to her brother the Prior: this gentleman, the Huron, interests me much in his favour! The Huron thanked her with a noble and becoming dignity, and informed her at the

The Pupil of Nature. II

the same time, that he did not want any thing.

I perceive, Sir, said the grave Bailiff, that you speak better French than could be expected from a Huron. — A Frenchman, said he, that we took in the Huron country, when I was very young, and for whom I conceived a great friendship, taught me his language. I learn whatever I chuse to learn very speedily. When I arrived at Plymouth, I found one of your French refugees, that I don't know for what reason you call Huguenots : with his assistance, I made some progress in the knowledge of your language, and, as soon as I could express myself intelligibly, I came to see your country ; for I love the French well enough, when they don't ask too many questions.

The Abbot of St. Ives, notwithstanding this little hint, demanded of him, which of the three languages pleased him best, the Huron, the English, or the French. The Huron, without doubt, answered the stranger. Is it possible! cried Miss Kerkabon: I always imagined that the French was the finest of all languages, except that of Lower Bretany.

Then they all vied; who should first ask the Huron, what they called snuff in the Huron tongue; he answered, *taya*: how they said to eat; he answered again, *essenten*. Miss Kerkabon would absolutely know how they expressed to make love; he replied, *trouvander**; and supported, not without some appearance of reason, that these words

T. All these words are really of the Huron language.

words were superior to those of the French and English, with which they corresponded: all the company thought *trouander* a very pretty word.

The Prior, having in his library a Huron grammar, which the reverend father Sagar Theodat, a Recollect and a famous missionary, had presented to him, he left the table for a moment to consult it; he returned almost breathless with tenderness and joy; he found that the stranger was really a Huron. They disputed a little about the multiplicity of languages, and agreed in the end, that, if it had not been for the confusion of tongues at the Tower of Babel, all the world would have spoken French. The interrogating Bailiff, who till this time had been a little in doubt about the stranger, conceived a profound

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found respect for him, and spoke to him with more civility than before, of which the Huron took not the least notice. Miss St. Ives had a great curiosity to know how they made love in the Huron country. In performing great actions, replied he, to please persons like yourself. All the company applauded him with astonishment; Miss St. Ives blushed, but was not displeased; Miss Kerkabon blushed too, but was not so well satisfied: she was a little angry, that this gallant speech was not addressed to her; but she was so good a woman, that her affection for the Huron was not in the least diminished: she asked him, with a great deal of good-nature, how many mistresses he had had in his own country.—I have never had but one, said the Huron,
which

which was Miss Abacaba, an intimate friend of my deceased nurse: no reed is so straight, no ermine so white, no lamb so gentle, no eagle so noble, or stag so swift, as was my Abacaba! She one day pursued a hare in our neighbourhood, about fifty leagues from our habitation. An ill-bred Algonquin, who lived a hundred leagues further, came to take her hare. I heard of it, I ran, I felled the Algonquin with a stroak of my club, I led him bound to the feet of my mistress. The parents of Abacaba wanted to eat him; but these sort of feasts did not suit my taste. I gave him his liberty, I made him my friend. Abacaba was so pleased with my conduct, that she preferred me to the rest of her lovers; and she would have loved me still, if she had not been
eaten

eaten by a bear. I have punished the bear, and I have wore his skin a long time; but that has not consoled me.

Mrs de St. Ives felt a secret pleasure at this recital, by which she learnt that the Huron had never had, but one mistress, and that Abacaba was no more; but she was unacquainted with the cause of that pleasure. All the company fixed their eyes upon the Huron, and praised him very much for having prevented his comrades from eating an Algonquin.

The unmerciful Bailiff, whose rage for interrogation was boundless, pushed his curiosity at last so far, as to enquire what religion the Huron gentleman professed, and whether he had chosen the English, the French, or the Huguenot faith.

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"I have my religion," said he, "as you have yours. Alas," cried Miss Kerkabon, "I see very well, that these sorry English have never once thought of baptizing him! — Oh, my good God! cried out Miss de St. Ives, how happens it, that the Hurons are not Catholics? Have not the reverend fathers, the jesuits converted them all? The Huron assured her, that in his country no one was ever converted; that a true Huron was never known to change his opinion; and that they had not even a word in their language to express inconstancy. These last words pleased Miss St. Ives extremely.

"We will baptize him! we will baptize him!" said Miss Kerkabon to the Prior: "you shall have the honour of it, my dear brother, and I will absolutely be

be his godmother. The Abbot of St. Ives shall present him at the font. This will be a very brilliant ceremony: it will be talked of all over Lower Brittany, and will do us infinite honour. All the company seconded the motion of the mistress of the house, and all the visitors cried out, We will baptize him. The Huron answered, that in England they suffered people to live as they liked; he let them know, that the proposal did not at all please him, and that the law of the Hurons was at least equal to the law of the Lower Bretons: at last he said, he should return the next day. They then finished his bottle of citron water, and went all of them to bed.

When they conducted the Huron to his chamber, Miss Kerkabon, and her friend

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friend Miss St. Ives, could not help peeping through the key-hole to see how a Huron slept. They saw him spread the quilt upon the floor, and repose himself in the most beautiful attitude imaginable.

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CHAP. II.

The Huron discovered by his Relations.

THE Huron, according to his
 usual custom, awoke with the
 sun, at the crowing of the cock, which
 in England, as well as in his own coun-
 try, they call the herald of the morn.
 He was not like the good company, who
 languished on the bed of indolence till the
 sun had run half his course; who can nei-
 ther sleep nor rise; who lose so many
 precious hours, in this middle state,
 between life and death; and who yet
 complain

complain of the shortness of life. He had already gone two or three leagues, and killed thirty wild-fowl, &c. with single balls; when returning, he found the Prior of Our Lady, and his discreet sister, walking in their night-caps in their little garden. He presented them all his game, and drew from the bosom of his shirt a kind of little talisman, which he wore always round his neck. He begged them to accept of it, as an acknowledgment for the kind reception they had given him. This, said he, is the most precious thing I have; they have assured me, that I shall be always fortunate, as long as I carry this little bauble about me, and I give it you, that you may be always lucky. The Prior and the young lady smiled tenderly at the simplicity of the Hunon: but

This

This present consisted of two little portraits, indifferently drawn, tied together with a very greasy leather strap.

Miss Kerkabon asked him, if they had painters in his country. — No, said the Huron, this rarity was given me by my nurse: her husband gained it by conquest: it was part of the spoils of some French from Canada, who made war on us. This is all I know of the matter.

The Prior examined these portraits with great attention: he changed colour—he was affected—his hands shook. By Our Lady of the Hill, cried he, I believe I see the faces of my brother the captain, and his wife! Miss, after having considered them with the same emotion, was of his opinion. Both of them were struck with astonishment, and

and joy was mixed with their grief; every tender passion of their souls seemed to be awakened, their hearts felt an unusual motion, they uttered half-formed words, they snatched from each other the portraits twenty times in a second; they gazed by turns on the Huron and the pictures, without fixing their attention for a moment on either, and, after shedding a flood of tears, they both asked him by turns, and then together, how, and at what time, these miniatures fell into the hands of his nurse; they compared the time that had elapsed since the captain's departure; they remembered having received news, that he was arrived in the Huron's country, but that they had not ever since so much as heard him mentioned.

The Huron had said to them, that he never knew either father or mother.

The Prior, who was a sensible man,
I observed,

observed, that the Huron had some beard: he knew very well the Hurons never had any. — His chin is hairy! — He is the son of an European! My brother and sister-in-law have not been heard of since the expedition against the Hurons, in the year 1669: my nephew then must have been at the breast. His Huron nurse has saved his life, and been a mother to him. In short, after a hundred questions and answers, the Prior and his sister concluded, that the Huron was their own nephew. They embraced him; and, while they shed a torrent of tears, the stranger laughed, not being able to imagine, how a Huron could be nephew to a Prior of Lower Brittany.

All the company joined them. Mr. St. Ives, who was a great physiognomist, compared the Huron's face with
the

the pictures, and very judiciously remarked, that he had his mother's eyes, the forehead and the nose of the deceased Capt. Kerkabon, and that his cheeks were like both.

Miss St. Ives, who had not ever seen either the father or the mother, was sure that he was a perfect resemblance of them both.

They admired the providential chain of events in this world, and at last were so persuaded and convinced of the birth of the Huron, that he himself consented to acknowledge Mons. the Prior for his uncle, saying, that he would as soon have him, as any body else, for his uncle.

They went to the church of Our Lady of the Hill, to return thanks to God, while the Huron, with an air of indifference,

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difference, amused himself with drinking in the house.

The English who had brought him, and were ready to set sail, came to tell him it was time to depart. Very probably, said he, you have not found your uncles and aunts. I shall remain here, return to Plymouth: I give you all my effects. I am no longer in want of any thing in the world; for I am nephew to a Prior. The English set sail, caring very little, whether the Huron had or had not relations in Lower Brittany.

After the uncle, the aunt, and the company, had sung *Te Deum*—after the Bailiff had wearied the Huron with questions—after they had exhausted all that astonishment, tenderness and joy, could make them say on the occasion—

the

the Prior of the Hill, and the Abbot of St. Ives, concluded to have the Huron baptized as soon as possible; but it was not the same with a great Huron of twenty-two, as with a little infant, whom they could regenerate without his knowing any thing of the matter: he must be instructed, and that appeared difficult; for the Abbot of St. Ives supposed it impossible for a man born out of France to have common sense.

The Prior observed to the company, that, though indeed his nephew had not the happiness of being born in Lower Brittany, yet he was not deficient in understanding, as they might judge by his answers, and that nature had greatly favoured him, with respect to both father and mother.

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They then asked him, if he had ever read any book. He said he had read an English translation of Rabelais, and some scraps of Shakespeare, which he knew by heart. These books were the captain's of the vessel, that had brought him from America to Plymouth, and that they pleased him very much.

The Bailiff did not fail to interrogate him on the subject of these books. I confess to you, said the Huron, that I believe I guessed the meaning of some parts, and the rest I could make nothing of. The Abbot of St. Ives, at this discourse, reflected to himself, that this was his usual method of reading, as it was also that of most other people. You have read the Bible, without doubt, said he to the Huron. — No, indeed, Mr. Abbot, it was not amongst
the

the captain's books: I have never so much as heard it mentioned.— See what shocking wretches these English are! said Miss Kerkabon: they set more store by a piece of Shakespeare's, a plum-pudding, and a bottle of rum, than the Pentateuch; therefore they have never converted any body in America. They certainly are the accursed of God, and we shall very soon take from them Jamaica and Virginia!

However that may be, they sent for the most expert taylor from St. Malo's, to new dress the Huron from head to foot. The company separated, and the bailiff went to ask questions somewhere else. Miss St. Ives, in taking leave, turned several times to look again at the Huron, and made much lower

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curties to him, than she ever had in her life to any other person.

The Bailiff, before he took leave, presented a great booby, his son, who was just come from college, to Miss St. Ives; but she scarce looked at him, so much was her attention engrossed by the politeness of the Huron.

thumped upon it he could hardly feel
it; but when any thing had thumped
upon it, he perceived it.

to get any thing. His conception was
brighter and livelier from its never hav-

C H A P. III.

The Huron converted.
burthen out, he conceived every thing

THE Prior of Our Lady, finding
himself a little in years, con-
sidered, as God had sent him a nephew
for his consolation, that he might re-
sign his benefice to him, if he could
but succeed in baptizing him, and
making him take orders.

The Huron had an excellent memory,
and the strength of his Lower Bretany
organs had been so fortified by the cli-
mate of Canada, that his head was
rendered so impenetrable, that if you

thumped upon it he could hardly feel it; but, when any thing had there found admittance, it became indelible—he never forgot any thing. His conception was brighter and livelier from its never having been overcharged in his infancy with those useless fooleries, with which we burthen ours; he conceived every thing very clearly.

The Prior at length determined to make him read the New Testament. The Huron perused it with the most eager and pleasing attention; but not knowing at what time, nor in what country, all these adventures related in this book happened, he had not any doubt but the scene lay in Lower Brittany; and he swore he would cut off the noses and ears of both Caiphus and Pilate, if ever he met the rascals.

His

His uncle, who was charmed with his good disposition, soon set him right: he praised his zeal, but let him know it was useless; for that these people had been dead about sixteen hundred and ninety years. The Huron knew, soon after, near the whole book by heart: he proposed several difficulties, which puzzled the Prior sadly: he was obliged very often to consult the Abbot of St. Ives, who, not knowing what to answer, sent for a Lower Bretany jesuit to finish the conversion of the Huron.

At last grace began to operate: the Huron promised to become a Christian. He was certain, that he must begin by being circumcised; for, said he to himself, I don't see in the book they have made me read, that there is a single person but what

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was. It is then evident, that I ought to make a sacrifice of my foreskin, the sooner the better. He did not deliberate on it; he sent for the surgeon of the village, and desired him to perform the operation, thinking he should please Miss Kerkabon, and all the company highly, when once it was done. The surgeon, who had not ever performed this operation, let the family know of it. They screamed out; the good Miss Kerkabon trembled for fear her nephew, who appeared so resolute and expeditious, should perform it himself, and that in so bungling a manner, for want of practice, that the most dreadful effects might result from it. To prevent evils of this nature, the ladies, through their great tenderness and goodness of soul, always interest themselves.

The

The Prior corrected the Huron's ideas; he demonstrated, that circumcision was not now the fashion; that Baptism was more gentle, and more efficacious; that the law of grace was not like the law of rigour. The Huron, who had a great deal of good sense and equity, disputed a little; but was soon convinced of his error, which very rarely happens amongst European disputants. At last, he promised to be baptized, whenever they pleased.

He must first confess himself. This was the greatest difficulty of all: he always carried in his pocket the book his uncle gave him; he did not find that any of the apostles had ever confessed: this made him run very restive. The Prior stopped his mouth, by shewing him, in the Epistle of St. James the

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Minor, these words, which have given so much uneasiness to heretics, *Confess your sins to one another.* The Huron was silenced, and confessed himself to the Recollect. When he had done, with a strong hand he seized the Frier, drew him out of the confessional, put himself in his place, and forced him to kneel before him. Come, my friend, it is said, *Confess one to the other*: I have related to you my sins, and you shall not go hence till you have told me yours. Saying this, he put his great knee against the priest's stomach. The Recollect roared out, till he made the church ring. The noise drew a great many people, who found the catechumen cuffing the Monk in the name of St. James the Minor.

The

The joy of baptizing a Lower Breton, a Huron, and a piece of an Englishman, was so great, that they overlooked these irregularities. There are besides several theologians, who esteem confession needless, as baptism serves for both.

They appointed a day with the Bishop of St. Malo, who flattered, as may be supposed, at the thoughts of baptizing a Huron, arrived in a pompous equipage, attended by his clergy. Miss St. Ives, thanking God at the same time, put on her sack, and sent for a hair-dresser from St. Malo's, that she might shine at the ceremony. The interrogating Bailiff, and all the country flocked together. The church was finely decorated; but, when the time came

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came to bring the Huron to the font, he was not to be found.

The uncle and the aunt searched every where; they concluded he was gone, according to custom, a hunting: all the guests ran through the adjacent woods and villages. Not the least news of the Huron.

They began to think he was returned to England. They remembered hearing him say he loved that country very much. The Prior and his sister were persuaded, that they never baptized any body there, and trembled for the soul of their nephew. The Bishop was confounded, and prepared to return; the Prior, and the Abbot of St. Ives, were in despair; the Bailiff, with his usual gravity, interrogated

all

all the passengers; Miss Kerkabon cried; Miss St. Ives did not cry, but heaved several deep sighs, which seemed to shew her regard for the sacraments. They walked sorrowfully among the willows and the bushes that grew on the borders of the little river of Rence, when they perceived, in the middle of it, a great white figure, with his arms crossed over his breast. They cried out, and turned away; but their curiosity presently got the better of every other consideration. They crept softly amongst the bushes; and, when they were certain of not being seen, they were determined to know what it all meant.

C H A P. IV.

The Huron baptized.

THE Prior and the Abbot, having run to the spot, demanded of the Huron, for it was him, what he did there. — I am waiting to be baptized: I have been up to my chin in water this hour, and it is not right to let me catch cold.

My dear nephew, said the Prior to him tenderly, they don't baptize people in this manner in Lower Bretany; put on your cloaths, and come along with us. Miss St. Ives whispered to her companion,

companion, Miss, do you believe he will dress himself soon?

The Huron, in the mean time, answered the Prior, You shall not so easily persuade me again : I have studied very closely since that time, and I am certain there is no other way to be baptized. The Queen of Candaces' eunuch was baptized in a brook : I defy you to shew me in the book you gave me, that any body was ever baptized otherwise : I won't be baptized at all, if it is not in the river. It did not signify remonstrating to him that the custom was changed : the Huron was obstinate ; for he was a Breton and a Huron.

He stuck by the Queen of Candaces' eunuch ; and although Miss Kerkabon his aunt, and Miss St. Ives, who had watched him between the willows, might have

have told him, that it did not become him to quote an *cunich*; yet their great discretion rendered them mute.

The Bishop came himself to speak: this was a great condescension; but it signified nothing, the Huron disputed against the Bishop.

Shew me, said he, in the book that my uncle gave me, one single man that was not baptized in the river, and I will do whatever you please.

The aunt, drove to despair, remarked, that the first time her nephew made his bows, he had made a lower one to Miss St. Ives, than to any other of the company; that he had not even saluted the Bishop with that cordial respect, which he had testified for this beautiful maid. She determined to address herself, in this perplexity to her; she begged her to
make

make use of her interest, to persuade the Huron to be baptized after the fashion of Lower Bretany, not believing her nephew could ever be a Christian, if he persisted in being baptized in running water.

Miss St. Ives blushed, from the secret pleasure she felt at being charged with so important a commission. She approached the Huron modestly, and pressing his hand in the most tender manner — And won't you let me persuade you! said she. In pronouncing these words she cast down her eyes, then raised them with such a moving grace! — Ah, whatever you please, Miss! whatever you command! Baptize me in water, baptize me in fire, baptize me in blood — I can refuse you nothing!

Miss

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Miss St. Ives had the honour to do by a few words, what neither the ardent solicitations of the Prior, nor reiterated interrogations of the Bailiff, nor the reasonings even of the Bishop, were able to accomplish: she enjoyed her triumph; but she was not yet conscious of its extent.

The baptism was administered and received with the utmost decency, in the most magnificent and agreeable manner possible: the uncle and the aunt gave up to the Abbot of St. Ives and his sister the honour of presenting the Huron at the font. Miss St. Ives's joy blazed forth to see herself a godmother: she was yet unacquainted to what misfortunes this great title would reduce her; she accepted it, without knowing its fatal consequences.

As

As there is no ceremony, but what is followed by a good dinner, they sat down to table as soon as they came from the christening. The jokers of Lower Bretany told the Prior, he need not to baptize his wine. He said, that wine, according to Solomon, rejoiced the heart of man. The reverend Bishop added, that the Patriarch Judah could tie his ass to the vine, and dip his mantle in the blood of the grape; and he was very sorry they could not do so too in Bretany, to which place God had denied vines. Every one strove to be witty on the christening of the Huron, and to say something gallant to the godmother. The Bailiff, who never failed asking questions, demanded of the Huron if he would fulfil his promises. How is it possible for me to be wanting
to

to them, said the Huron, since I have pledged them in the hands of Miss St. Ives?

The Huron grew warm; he drank several brimmers to his godmother's health. If I had been baptized by your hand, said he, I feel that the cold water thrown on me would have scalded me. The Bailiff thought that too poetical, not knowing how familiar the allegory is in Canada; but the godmother was extremely pleased with it.

They had given the name of Hercules to the new Christian. The Bishop of St. Malo was always asking, who this patron saint was, whom he never heard of before. The Jesuit, who was very learned, told him, that he was a saint, who had wrought twelve miracles: he wrought a thirteenth,

teenth, which was worth them all;
but which was not so proper for a
Jesuit to mention: this was making
fifty maids women in one night. A
droll fellow, who happened to be
there, cried up this miracle with great
energy: all the women looked down,
but judged by the physiognomy of the
Huron, he was not unworthy of the
name of this saint.

C H A P. V.

The Huron in Love.

IT must be confessed, that after this christening, and this dinner, Miss St. Ives most passionately wished, that his Grace the Bishop might cause her to partake of a more agreeable sacrament with Mr. Hercules, the Huron. In the mean time, as she was well brought up, and very modest, she durst not give way all at once to these tender sentiments. If there happened to escape her a word, a look, a thought,

thought, or gesture, she concealed it under such a veil of modesty, as appeared infinitely amiable: she was tender, lively, and sensible.

When the Bishop was gone, Miss St Ives and the Huron stumbled on each other, as it were by accident, and without thinking what either was in search of: they talked without reflecting on what they said. The Huron spoke first, and told her, he loved her with all his heart, and that the beautiful Abacaba, of whom he had been distractedly fond in his own country, was not to compare to her. Miss answered, with her usual modesty, that he must speak as soon as possible to the Prior, his uncle, and to the young lady, his aunt; that, on her part, she would say a word or two to her dear brother, the

D

Abbot

Abbot of St. Ives ; and that she flattered herself they should have the consent of all parties.

The Huron replied, that he did not want any one's consent ; that it appeared to him extremely ridiculous, to go and ask of others what they ought to do ; that, when two people are of one mind, they don't want a third to bring them to an agreement. I never consult any body, said he, when I have a mind to breakfast, to hunt, or to sleep. I know that in love affairs it is not amiss to have the consent of the person with whom you are in love ; but, as it is neither with my uncle or my aunt that I am in love, it is not to them I ought to address myself in this affair ; and, if you will be advised by me, you will let alone speaking to the Abbot of St. Ives.

We

We may suppose, that the beautiful Britain exerted all the power of her rhetoric to bring her Huron to act according to forms. She was sometimes angry, then soothed him. Indeed, there is no knowing how this conversation would have ended, if the declining day had not reminded the Abbot, that it was time to conduct his sister back to his abbey.

The Huron left his uncle and aunt, who were a little fatigued with the ceremony of their long dinner, to their repose. He passed part of the night in making verses in the Huron language on his dearly beloved; for you must know, there is not a country in the world, where Love has not converted its votaries into poets.

The next day after breakfast, his uncle, in the presence of Miss Kerka-bon, who was very much affected, said to him, Heaven be praised for this, my dear nephew, that you have the honour to be a Christian and a Lower Breton; but that is not enough: I am a little advanced in years; my brother has left me a nook of land, which is a very little thing. I have a priory, and if you will consent, as I hope you will, to become a Sub-deacon, I will resign my priory to you: then you may, after having been a consolation to me in my old age, live very comfortably.

The Huron answered, Much good may it do you, my dear uncle; live as long as you can. I don't know what resigning, or being a Sub-deacon means; but it is all the same to me, provided I
may

may have Miss St. Ives. Oh, my God! my nephew, you doat on this beautiful lady! — Yes, uncle. — Alas, my nephew, it is impossible you should marry her! — It is very possible, my uncle; for she not only squeezed my hand at parting, but promised to ask for me in marriage; and I shall certainly wed her. — That is impossible, I tell you, she is your god-mother, and it is a heinous sin for a god-mother to espouse her god-son: it is not permitted her to espouse him; the laws both human and divine oppose it.

Adzounds, uncle, you make a joke of me! Why may I not marry my god-mother, when she is young and handsome? I have not seen in the book that you gave me any thing against people marrying the girls that

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assisted at their baptism. I have observed every day since I have been here, that they do an infinite number of things, which are not in your book, and that nobody acts as it says. I acknowledge to you, that it both astonishes and angers me. If they deprive me of the beautiful St. Ives, under pretext of my baptism, I must tell you fairly, that I will carry her off, and unbaptize myself.

The Prior was confounded, and his sister shed tears. My dear brother, said she, our nephew must not be damned: our holy father, the Pope, [may grant a dispensation, and then he may be happy in a Christian-like manner with her he loves. The Huron embraced his aunt. Where is, said he, this charming man, who, with so much goodness,

goodness, favours young men and women in their amours? I will go and speak to him this minute!

They explained to him who the Pope was; and the Huron was more astonished than before. There is not, my dear uncle, said he, a word of all this in your book. I have travelled; I know the sea; we are upon the banks of it: I must quit Miss St. Ives, to go and ask leave to love her, of a man who lives four hundred leagues from hence, whose language I don't understand: that is inconceivably ridiculous! I will go directly to the Abbot of St. Ives, who does not live at above the distance of a league from hence; and I promise you I will marry my mistress to-day.

While he was thus speaking, the Bailiff entered, who, according to cus-

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tom, asked him where he was going. To be married, said he, running out; and in less than a quarter of an hour he arrived at the house of his dear and beautiful mistress, who was still asleep.

Ah, my dear brother, said Miss Kerkabon to the Prior, never shall we be able to make a Sub-deacon of our nephew!

The Bailiff was not at all pleased with his journey; for he was in hopes that his son, who was a greater fool, and more insupportable than himself, would become the husband of Miss St. Ives.

CHAPTER VI.

The Huron runs to his Mistress, and becomes furious.

AS soon as the Huron arrived, he enquired of an old maid-servant, which was his mistress's chamber. He then forced open the door, which was not very strongly fastened, and ran to her bed. Miss St. Ives, awaking suddenly, started up, crying, Who is there? What, is it you! What, you! Stop, what do you do here? What are you about? He answered, I am going to marry you; and would have made his

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words good, if she had not opposed him with all the virtue of a well-educated young lady.

The Huron did not understand raillery; he thought all this coyness extremely impertinent. Miss Abacaba, my first mistress, said he, did not serve me thus: you have no probity; you promised me marriage, and now you refuse to perform it, which is acting contrary to the first laws of honour: I will teach you to keep your word, and bring you back to the path of virtue.

The Huron possessed a manly and intrepid virtue, worthy of his namesake Hercules. He was going to exercise it to its fullest extent, when the piercing cries of the lady, who was more discretely virtuous, brought the Abbot of St. Ives, with her governess,
a devout

a devout old domestic, and the parson of the parish, to her assistance. The sight of these people moderated the assailant's courage. Oh, my God, my dear neighbour! said the Abbot, what are you doing there? — My duty, replied the young man: I am fulfilling my promise, which to me is always sacred.

Miss St. Ives blushing, put herself in order, while they led the Huron into another apartment. The Abbot endeavoured to convince him of the enormity of his proceeding, and the Huron defended himself by the privileges of the law of nature, with which he was perfectly well acquainted. The Abbot attempted to prove, that the positive law ought to have the advantage, and that without the conventions

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made between men, the law of nature would be little more than a natural state of robbery and confusion. There must, said he, be notaries and priests, witnesses of contracts and dispensations. The Huron answered him, according to a reflection, which the Indians have always made, You must certainly be very dishonest people to require so many precautions!

It cost the Abbot some trouble to solve this difficulty. There are, said he, I must confess, several inconstant and knavish people amongst us: So there would be amongst the Hurons, if they dwelt together in a great city; but there are at the same time very wise, honest, clear-sighted men: these are the people who have made the laws. The more just a man is, the more chearfully

cheerfully he will submit to them, to set an example to the vicious, who will respect that restraint, which virtue has laid on herself.

The Huron was struck with this answer: it is plain he had a just way of thinking. They softened him by flattering speeches, and gave him hopes: these are the two snares, by which mankind in general are taken. They even brought Miss St. Ives to him as soon as she was dressed. Every thing passed with the greatest decorum; but, notwithstanding all this decency, the sparkling eyes of Hercules made his mistress cast down hers, and the company tremble.

They had much difficulty to persuade him to go back to his relations: they were obliged once more to have recourse

to Miss St. Ives, who, the more she found her power over him, the more she loved him. She made him return, and was very sorry when he was gone.

The Abbot, who was not only her elder brother, but her guardian also, was determined to shelter his ward from the attacks of this terrible lover. He went to consult the Bailiff, who had always designed his son for the Abbot's sister: he advised him to put the poor girl into a convent. This was a terrible stroke. To be sent to a convent is always the cause of inexpressible grief, even to those young ladies who are strangers to the passion of love; but to Miss St. Ives, who was as sensible as tender, it was enough to involve her in despair.

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The Huron, on his return to the Prior, related every thing with his usual frankness. He was forced to undergo the same remonstrances, which had some effect on his mind, but none on his heart.

The next day, when he would have returned to his beautiful mistress, to reason with her upon the laws of nature and convention, the Bailiff let him know, with an insulting joy, that she was in a convent. Very well, said he, I will go and reason with her there.— That cannot be, said the Bailiff. He then gave him a prolix account of what a convent or couvent was, that it came from the Latin word *conventus*, which signified an assembly, and the Huron could not comprehend, why he might not be admitted to this assembly.

He

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He was no sooner informed, that this convent was a kind of prison, where they kept young girls shut up, (a horrible thing, unknown to the Hurons and the English!) than he became as furious as his namesake Hercules, when Euritus, King of Oechalia, no less cruel than the Abbot of St. Ives, refused him his daughter Iola, who was as beautiful as the Abbot's sister. He determined to go and set fire to the convent, and bring away his mistress, or perish with her. Miss Kerkabon, greatly terrified, entirely gave over all hopes of making her nephew a Sub-deacon; and said, weeping, that the devil was got into him since he had been baptized.

CHAP. VII.

The Huron defeats the English.

THE Huron, plunged in a deep, gloomy melancholy, walked towards the sea-side, his double-barrelled gun upon his shoulder, and his long cutlas by his side, shooting now and then a bird, and often being tempted to shoot himself; but he was still in love with life, for the sake of his mistress. Sometimes he cursed his uncle, his aunt, all Lower Bretany, and his baptism; sometimes he blessed them, because they had brought him acquainted

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acquainted with his beloved. He determined to go and set fire to the convent; then stopped short, for fear of burning his mistress. A fleet in the Bay of Biscay is not more agitated by contending winds, than was the bosom of the Huron by these different emotions.

He was walking very fast, without considering where he was going, when he heard the sound of a drum, and saw [a number of people, some of whom [ran towards the sea, and others flew from it: a thousand cries were raised on all sides. His curiosity and courage drew him in a moment to the place from whence these clamours came. He flew there at four bounds. The commanding officer of the militia, who had supped with him at the Prior's, knew him

him directly, and ran to him with open arms. Ah, cried he, it is the Huron! he will fight for us! The militia, who were frightened to death, took heart, and cried also, It is the Huron! It is the Huron!

Gentlemen, said he, what is the matter? Why are you so much alarmed? Have they put your mistresses into a convent? A hundred voices cried out confusedly, Don't you see the English, who are landing? — Very well, replied the Huron: they are honest people; they never proposed to me to become a Sub-deacon, nor have they taken my mistress from me.

The commander told him, that the English came to pillage the Abbey of the Hill, to drink his uncle's wine, and perhaps to carry away Miss St.

guived

Ives;

Ives; that the little vessel, which had brought him to Bretany, had only come there to reconnoitre the coast; that they committed acts of hostility, without having declared war against the King of France, and that the province was in danger.

Ah, said the Huron, if that's the case, if they violate the laws of nature, let me alone: I have lived a long time amongst them; I know their language, and I will speak to them: I cannot believe they have so bad a design.

During this conversation the English squadron approached: the Huron ran towards them, threw himself into a little boat, arrived along-side the admiral's ship, and going on board, demanded if it was true, that they came to ravage the country, without
having

having honestly declared war. The admiral and all on board burst into a violent fit of laughter; they made him drink some punch, and then sent him back again.

The Huron, enraged at this treatment, now thought of nothing but fighting bravely against his old friends, for his new companions and the Prior. The neighbouring gentlemen ran from all parts; he joined them; they had some cannon; he charged them, he pointed and fired them one after the other. The English landed, and he ran to them; he killed three with his own hand, and wounded the admiral, who had just before made him the object of his ridicule. His behaviour gave courage to the rest. The English re-embarked, and the shore rang with the shouts

shouts of victory, and Long live the King! Long live the Huron! Every one embraced him, every one pressed to stop the bleeding of some slight wounds he had received. Ah, said he, if Miss St. Ives was but here, she would put me on a bandage.

The Bailiff, who had hid himself in a cellar during the engagement, came also to pay him his compliments; but he was very much surprised to hear Hercules say, to a dozen very willing young fellows who surrounded him, My friends, it is not enough that we have saved the Abbey of the Hill; we must rescue a young lady from confinement. All these impetuous young men took fire at these words alone; they followed him in a crowd, ran to the convent, and, if the Bailiff had not

immediately acquainted the commandant, if they had not directly followed this exulting troop, it would have been done. They carried the Huron back to his uncle and aunt, who bathed him with tears of tenderness.

I see very plainly, said his uncle, that you will never be a Sub-deacon or Prior, but an officer yet braver than my brother the Captain, and probably as great a beggar. Miss Kerkabon, crying all the time she embraced him, said he would get himself killed like her brother; that he had better be a Sub-deacon.

The Huron, in the combat, had picked up a large purse full of guineas, which perhaps belonged to the admiral. He did not doubt, but with this purse
he

he might purchase all Lower Bretany; but, above all, make Miss St. Ives a great lady.

Every body advised him to take a journey to Versailles, to receive the reward of his services. The commandant, and the principal officers, loaded him with certificates of his behaviour. The uncle and aunt approve their nephew's journey, as he could not find any difficulty in being introduced to the King, and that alone would greatly encrease his consequence in the province. These two good people added a considerable present, out of their little savings, to the English purse.

The Huron said to himself, When I see the King, I will ask Miss St. Ives of him in marriage: he certainly won't
refuse

refuse me. He then set off, accompanied by the acclamations of the whole place, stifled with embraces, bathed with the tears of his aunt, blessed by his uncle, and recommending himself to the beautiful Miss St. Ives.

C H A P. VIII.

*The Huron goes to Court. Sups on the
Road with Huguenots.*

THE Huron took the stage-coach to Saumur, there being at that time no other conveyance. When he came there, he was surprised to see the town almost deserted, and to observe several families moving their effects. They told him, that Saumur had contained above fifteen thousand souls, but that at present there were not above six thousand in the town. While he was eating his supper at the inn, he could

could not help enquiring further into this matter. Several protestants were at table; some complained bitterly, and others shuddered with horror; some said, weeping, *Nos dulcia linquimus arva, nos patriam fugimus!* The Huron, who did not understand Latin, desired an explanation of these words, which signified, *We abandon our dear companions, we fly our country!*

And why, gentlemen, said the Huron, do you fly your country? — Because they would force us to acknowledge the Pope. — And why will not you acknowledge him? You don't then want to marry your godmother? for I have been told, that it is he only who can give permission. — Ah, Sir, the Pope says the domain of kings are his. — But, gentlemen, of what professions

essions are you? — The greatest part of us, Sir, are woollen-drapers and weavers. — If your Pope was to say, that your cloaths and your looms belonged to him, you would be in the right not to acknowledge him; but as for what concerns kings, that is their affair: what have you to do with it?

Upon this, a very little black man took up the argument, and very learnedly explained the griefs of the company. He spoke of the revocation of the edict of Nantes with so much energy, he deplored in so pathetic a manner the fate of fifty thousand fugitive families, and fifty thousand others, that were converted by dragoons, that the Huron in his turn shed tears. Whence comes it, said he, that so great a king, whose glory has reached even the
Hurons,

Hurons, should thus deprive himself of so many hearts, who would have loved him, and so many hands, who would have served him?

Because he is deceived, answered the little black orator, as great kings generally are. They made him believe, that if he said the word, it was enough: every body must think as he did, and that he could make us change our religion, as quickly as his musician Lulley does the decorations of an opera. He has not only lost five or six hundred thousand very useful subjects, but has also made them his enemies; and William the Third, King of England, has formed several regiments of these French refugees to fight against their sovereign. Such an event is still more extraordinary, as the reigning Pope, to

whom Lewis the Fourteenth has sacrificed such numbers of his people, is at this time his declared enemy. They have had a violent quarrel, which has lasted these nine years: it has been carried so far, that France began to hope to throw off the yoke, which this stranger has made her wear for such a number of years; and above all, not to be obliged to give him any more money, which is the first object in the conduct of all human affairs. It appears then plainly, that they have deceived this great King, as much with regard to his interest, as to the extent of his power, and that they have even wounded the magnanimity of his heart.

The Huron, being more and more affected, asked who these French were, that had thus deceived a monarch so dear

dear to the Hurons. — They are the jesuits, he was answered, and in particular Father la Chaife, the King's confessor. It is to be hoped, that it will one day please God to punish them, and that they will at last be drove out, as they have driven us. Is there any misery equal to ours ! Mons. Louvois sends us jesuits and dragoons from all quarters !

Very well, gentlemen, said the Huron, who could no longer contain himself : I am going to Versailles, to receive the recompence of my services : I will speak to this Mons. Louvois. I have heard say, that it is he who carries on the war from his closet. I shall see the King, and I will let him know the truth ; and it is impossible for him not to give way to it, when he once

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hears it. I will return soon after, and marry Miss St. Ives, and I invite you all to my wedding. These good people now took him for a great lord, travelling *incog.*; some of them indeed took him for the King's fool.

There was at table a jesuit in disguise, who served the reverend Father la Chaise in quality of a spy. He sent him a full account of all, and the Father acquainted Mons. Louvois with it. The spy's letter and the Huron arrived at the same time at Versailles.

CHAP., IX.

*The Huron arrives at Versailles. His
Reception at Court.*

THE Huron got out of a carriage,
called by way of derision a *cham-
ber pot**, in the court, round which
the kitchens are built. He asked the
chairmen there, at what hour he could
see the King. They laughed in his
face, as the English admiral had before
done. He treated them the same; he

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beat

* This is a kind of carriage from Paris to
Versailles, which resembles a little tub with a
cover.

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beat them, they returned his blows, and the scene would probably have been very bloody, had not one of the life-guards, a gentleman of Bretany, come by at that instant. Sir, said the traveller to him, you appear to be a brave man. I am nephew to the Prior of Our Lady of the Hill: I have beat the English, and am come to speak to the King. I beg you would shew me the way to his chamber.

The guard was delighted to find so brave a countryman; but perceived he did not know much of the customs of the court. He informed him, that he could not speak to the King, without being presented by Mons. Louvois. — Very well, shew me Mons. Louvois: he will doubtless conduct me to his Majesty. — It is more difficult, answered

the

the guard, to speak to him than to his Majesty; but I will carry you to Mr. Alexander, the first clerk in the war-office, and that will be the same as speaking to the minister.

They went to Mr. Alexander, the first clerk, but could not be introduced to him; for he was engaged with a court lady, and had given orders, that nobody should be admitted. Ah, very well, said the guard; there is no harm done; it does not signify: let us go to Mr. Alexander's first clerk: it will do as well, as if you spoke to Mr. Alexander himself.

The Huron, after waiting half an hour in this clerk's little anti-chamber, was at last astonished. What is the meaning of all this? said he. Are all the people of this country invisible? It is much easier in Lower Bretany to beat

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the English, than at Versailles to meet with those, with whom you have business.

He amused himself with recounting his amours to his companion; but the clock striking, called the life-guard-man to his post. He promised to see him again the next day; and the Huron remained another half hour in the anti-chamber, thinking of Miss St. Ives, and of the difficulty of speaking to Kings and First Clerks.

At last his patron appeared: Sir, said the Huron, if I had waited as long to repulse the English, as you have made me wait for an audience, they would at their ease have laid Lower Bretany waste. These words astonished the clerk, who at last said to him, What do you demand? — Recompence, said the

the other. He then shewed him the testimonials of his services. The clerk read them, and told him, that perhaps they might permit him to purchase a lieutenancy. — What, I give my money for having repulsed the English! Must I purchase a right to risque my life for you, whilst you are quietly giving audiences! You are certainly disposed to be merry. I expect a troop of horse, without purchasing it; that the King would order Miss St. Ives out of the convent, and give her to me in marriage. I would speak to the King in favour of fifty thousand families, which I intend to restore to him: in a word, I would be useful; therefore let me be employed and advanced.

Pray, Sir, what is your name, since you talk so big? — Oh, oh, cried the
Huron,

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Huron, you have not read my testimonials then! Is it thus you serve people? I am called Hercules Kerkabon: I am baptized, and I lodge at the Blue Dial. I will complain of you to the King. The clerk, like the people at Saumur, concluded his brain was touched, and consequently did not pay much attention to him.

The same day, the reverend Father La Chaîse, Lewis the Fourteenth's Confessor, received the letter from his spy, who accused the Breton, Kerkabon, of favouring the Huguenots in his heart, and condemning the jesuits. Mons. Louvois had also received a letter from the interrogating Bailiff, who represented the Huron as a wicked libertine, who would burn convents, and carry off the nuns.

The

The Huron, after this, walked in the gardens of Versailles, where he grew tired; then, after having supped like a Huron and a Lower Britain, he went to bed, with the sweet hopes of next day seeing the King, of obtaining Miss St. Ives in marriage, of having at least a troop of horse, and putting a stop to the persecutions of the protestants. He was soothing himself with these flattering ideas, when the *Maréchaussée* * entered the chamber. They first seized his double-barrelled gun and great cutlafs: they took an account of his ready money, and conveyed him to the castle built by King Charles the Fifth, son to John the Second, near St. Anthony's-street, at the gate *Tournelles* †.

I shall

* Officers, who are employed to apprehend criminals.

† The Bastille.

I shall leave you to judge, how great was the astonishment of the Huron on his way thither. He fancied at first it was all a dream: he remained for some time like one thunder-struck; then suddenly transported with fury, which redoubled his strength, he seized two of his conductors by the throat, and threw them out at the coach-door, and himself after them, drawing the third with him, who attempted to stop him. In making this effort he fell; they bound him, and put him into the coach again. See, said he, what I have gained by driving the English from Lower Brittany! What would you say, beautiful St. Ives, if you were to see me in this condition!

They at last arrived at the place where they were to stop: they carried

him
him
him

him silently to the room, where he was to be shut up, like a corpse carried to the grave. This chamber was already occupied by an old hermit, of Port Royal, who had languished there two years. See, said the chief of the officers, I have brought you a companion. At that instant they drew the enormous bolts of the massy door, which was covered with large iron bars, and the captives remained separated from the rest of the world.

C H A P. X.

*The Huron skul up in the Bastille with
a Jansenist.*

MR. Gordon was a hale-looking, serene old man, who possessed two great gifts : to bear adversity, and console the unfortunate. He advanced with an open and compassionate air towards his companion, and embracing him said, Whoever you are, who are come to share my tomb with me, be well assured, that I shall forget my own torments to soften yours in this infernal abyfs, into which we are plunged.

plunged. Let us adore that Providence, which has conducted us here, and let us suffer in peace and hope.

These words had the same effect on the Huron's soul, which hartshorn drops have on a fainting person. They recalled him to life, and made him open his eyes with astonishment.

After the first compliments, Gordon, without pressing him to tell the cause of his misfortune, inspired him by the sweetness of his conversation, and the interest which unfortunate people generally take in each others affairs, with the desire to open his heart, and lighten the burthen, with which it was oppressed; but he could not guess the reason of his misfortune: it appeared to him an effect without a cause, and the
good

good man Gordon was as much astonished as himself.

God certainly designs you, said the Jansenist to the Huron, for some great purposes, as he has brought you from Lake Ontario into England and France, caused you to be baptized in Lower-Bretany, and put you here for your salvation.

By my faith, answered the Huron, I believe the devil alone has had a hand in my destiny! My companions in America would never have treated me with the barbarity I have here experienced: they have not the least idea of it. They are called savages, they are indeed rough and unpolished, but the men of this country are refined rascals. I am greatly surpris'd at coming into another world, to be enclosed

closed under four bolts with a priest. When I reflect upon the prodigious number of men, who set out from one quarter of the globe to be killed in another, some of whom are drowned in the way, and eat by the fish, I cannot in the least comprehend the gracious designs of God towards these people.

Their dinner was given them through a wicket: the conversation turned upon Providence, *lettres de cachet**, and the means of supporting misfortunes, which all men are liable to in this world. I have been here two years, said the old man, without any other consolation, than what arose from myself or my books.

* The King's orders for an arrest.

books, and I have not in all that time had one unhappy moment.

Ah, Mr. Gordon, said the Huron, you are not in love with your god-mother! If, like me, you knew Miss St. Ives, you would be reduced to despair! At these words he could not restrain his tears, and he found a little ease from them. Why, said he, should these tears solace my grief? I think they ought to have a contrary effect. My son, said the old man, Nature is our physician: every secretion benefits the body, and what relieves that relieves the soul: we are machines in the hands of Providence.

The Huron, who, as we have before observed, had a very good understanding, reflected very seriously on this idea, which seemed to correspond so much

much with his own way of thinking; but he could not help asking his companion, why this machine had been shut up for two years under four bolts. — By the mercy of God, replied Gordon, I am esteemed a Jansenist: I have been acquainted with Arnaud and Nicole: the Jesuits have persecuted us. We believe that the Pope is not superior to any other Bishop; and for that reason Father la Chaize, who is the King's Confessor, has obtained from him an order to take from me, without the least shew of justice, what is most precious to mankind, Liberty. — It is very strange, said the Huron, that all the misfortunes, which have happened to me, have been occasioned by the Pope! — As to *your* mercy of God, I acknowledge to you that I do not understand

derstand it; but I look upon it as a great favour, that God, in my misfortunes, has thrown me in the way of such a man as you are, who have poured into my heart consolations, which I did not think myself capable of receiving.

Every day the conversation became more instructive and interesting: the souls of the two captives became attached to each other. The old man had a great deal of knowledge, and the young one was eager to learn.

After a month had passed, he studied geometry with the utmost attention. Gordon made him read Rohault's Natural Philosophy, which was then in fashion; but he had the good sense to discover it contained nothing but uncertainties. He then read the first volume

volume of the Enquiry after Truth: this book enlightened his conceptions. What, said he, do our senses and imaginations deceive us to this degree? Do not objects form our ideas? And are we not able to form them ourselves? When he had read the second volume, he was not so well satisfied, and concluded, that it was easier to pull down than to build.

His companion, who was astonished that such an inexperienced youth should make this reflection, which seemed only fit for people well versed in these matters, conceived a great idea of his understanding, and esteemed him still more.

Your Malebranche, said the Huron to him one day, seems to me to have wrote one half of his book from reason,

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and

and the other half from prejudice and fancy.

Some days after Gordon thus questioned him: What do you think of the soul, and of the manner in which we receive our ideas? Of inclination, grace, and free-agency? — Nothing, answered the Huron: my idea is, that we are under the power of the Eternal, as the stars and the elements are; that he has made us all, and that we are the little wheels of an immense machine, of which he is the soul; that he acts by general laws, not by particular views. This alone seems to me intelligible; all the rest is a mere abyss.

But, my son, this would be making God the author of sin! — But, my father, your special grace makes God the author of sin also; for certainly all those,

those, to whom this grace is refused, are in sin; and whoever permits an evil, is he not the cause of it?

This simplicity embarrassed the good man greatly: he found himself stuck in the mud, and he talked so much nonsense about the first physical principles, that the Huron pitied his folly. This question led so evidently to the origin of good and evil, that poor Gordon was obliged to pass in review Pandora's box, Orosmade's egg broke by Arimana, the enmity between Typhon and Osiris, and at last original sin; he danced the hays amongst them all, without ever coming to a conclusion; but this romance of the soul diverted their thoughts from their wretched situation, and, by an unaccountable charm, the infinity of miseries spread

over the world diminished the sensation of their own sorrows : they dared not to complain when all the world suffered.

However, during the stillness of the night, the image of the beautiful St. Ives effaced from her lover's mind all these moral and metaphysical ideas. He waked with his eyes bathed in tears, and the old Jansenist forgot his special grace, the Abbot of St. Cyran, and Jansenius, to console a young man, whom he believed in mortal sin.

They read, they reasoned, and after that they talked of their adventures ; when they were tired, they read again together or separately. The young man's understanding improved every day, and he would have made a great progress in the mathematics, if the ideas of Miss St. Ives had not prevented him.

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He read history, and it made him melancholy; for the world appeared to him too bad and miserable. Indeed, history is nothing else but a picture of crimes and misfortunes: innocent and peaceable men, who form the greater number, do not appear upon this vast theatre: the ambitious and perverse only are there exhibited. It seems as if history would not otherwise please, like tragedy, which languishes, unless it is animated with strong passions, crimes, and great misfortunes: Clio must be armed with a dagger as well as Melpomene.

Though the history of France is full of horrors, as well as all others, yet it appeared so disgusting at the beginning, so dry in the middle, and so trifling at the end, even in the time of Henry

the Fourth; so barren of great events, and so far behind in those glorious discoveries made by other nations, that it exercised his patience, to read such long details of obscure calamities, confined to a corner of the world.

Gordon was of the same opinion; both of them smiled through pity, when the sovereigns of Fezensal, Fesansaquet, and of Astrac, were spoken of. This study, in short, was fit only for their heirs, if they had any.

The noble æra of the Roman republic rendered them for some time indifferent to all the rest of the world: the representation of Rome, as the conqueror and law-giver of nations, engrossed his whole soul: he was seized with a glowing transport at the contemplation of these people, who were governed seven hundred

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hundred years by the enthusiasm of liberty and glory. Thus passed days, weeks, and months; and he would have thought himself happy in this dismal place, if he had not been in love.

His good nature made him also feel for the Prior of Our Lady of the Hill, and for the tender-hearted Miss Kerkabon. What will they think, he would very often say to himself, when they do not hear any news of me? They will think me very ungrateful! This idea tormented him, and he felt more for those he loved than for himself.

C H A P. XI.*The Huron discovers his Genius.*

READING ennobles the mind, and a friend enlightens and consoles it. Our captive enjoyed these two advantages, of which he had never had the least idea before. I shall be tempted, said he, to believe in metamorphoses; for I have been changed from a brute to a man. He bought himself a little choice library with some part of his money, the disposal of which was permitted him; and his friend encouraged him to write down his reflections. Let

us see what he wrote upon ancient history.

“ I apprehend, that the several nations
“ of the world were for a long time
“ like me, that they did not receive
“ any instructions till very late; that
“ they were employed during the first
“ centuries by the present moment,
“ thought very little of the past, and
“ never of the future. I have tra-
“ velled five or six hundred leagues over
“ Canada, and never found one single
“ monument: no person knows what
“ his grandfather did. Is not this a
“ state of nature? The species in this
“ continent appear to be superior to
“ those of the other: they have for se-
“ veral ages improved their being by
“ knowledge and arts. Is it because
“ they have beards on their chins,

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“ which God has refused to the Ame-
“ ricans? I do not believe it; for I
“ find that the Chinese have very little
“ beard, and yet they have cultivated
“ arts and sciences for more than five
“ thousand years back; therefore their
“ nation must have been assembled and
“ flourished for more than five hundred
“ centuries.

“ There is one thing, which strikes
“ me more than all the rest, in this
“ Ancient History of China, that every
“ thing is probable and natural. I ad-
“ mire it for not having any thing
“ marvellous in it. Why have all
“ other nations given themselves fabri-
“ lous originals? The ancient chro-
“ nologers of the French history, who
“ are not very ancient, make the
“ French come from Francus, son of
“ Hector:

“ Hector: the Romans say, they are
“ the issue of a Phrygian, though they
“ had not in their language a single
“ word that bore the least analogy to
“ the Phrygian tongue. The gods in-
“ habited Egypt two thousand years,
“ and the devils Scythia, where they
“ engendered the Huns. I do not see
“ any thing before Thucidides but ro-
“ mances, equal to Amadis, but less
“ amusing. There are every where
“ apparitions, oracles, prodigies, sor-
“ cery, metamorphoses, and dreams
“ explained, which decided the fate of
“ the greatest empires and smallest
“ states. Here beasts that speak, there
“ beasts which they adore; gods trans-
“ formed to men, and men to gods.
“ Ah, if we must have fables, let them
“ be at least the emblems of truth!

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" I love the fables of a philosopher,
" I laugh at those of children, and I
" hate those of impostors."

He one day met with a history of the Emperor Justinian, where he read, that the Apeducts of Constantinople had published, in very bad Greek, an edict against the greatest captain of the age, because this hero pronounced these words in the warmth of conversation: *Truth enlightens by its own light, and you cannot enlighten minds by flaming piles of faggots.* The Apeducts asserted, that this proposition bordered on heresy; nay, that it was heretical, and that the contrary axiom, that you cannot enlighten the mind, but by flaming piles of faggots, and that truth could not enlighten by its own light, was catholic,

lic, Greek and universal. These Linoftoles condemned feveral other of the captain's difcourfes, and published an edict.

What, cried the Huron, are edicts published by fuch people as thofe! — They are not edicts, faid Gordon, but contradictions, at which every body in Conftantinople laughed, and the Emperor one of the firft; for he was a wife prince, and knew how to take from thefe gentry the power of doing mischief: he alfo knew very well, that they had tired out the patience of feveral emperors, his predeceffors, by oppofitions in matters of greater confequence. — He did very right, faid the Huron, to fupport and yet refrain them.

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He put several other reflections into writing, which frightened old Gordon. What, said he to himself, have I consumed fifty years in study, and am I afraid I shall never attain the natural good sense of this young man, who is almost a savage! I tremble at having been laboriously fortifying prejudices! He listens only to simple nature.

The good man had some of those periodical critical pamphlets, in which people, incapable of producing any thing themselves, depreciate the works of others, where a *Vilé* insults a *Racine*, and a *Faidit* a *Penelon*. The Huron ran some of them over. I cannot help, said he, comparing them to certain flies, that lay their eggs in the tails of fine horses, which do not in the least retard

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retard their speed. These two philosophers scarce designed to cast their eyes on these excrescences of literature.

They sometimes read together the Elements of Astronomy. The Huron sent for a pair of globes: these grand objects charmed him. How hard is it, said he, to begin to know the heavens, when I am deprived of the right of contemplating them. Jupiter and Saturn roll in these immense spaces, millions of suns enlighten miriads of worlds, and in this corner of the earth, where I am thrown, there are beings, who hinder me from seeing and contemplating all these worlds, as far as my sight can reach; and even in that part of the universe, in which God has permitted me to be born, the light made
for

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for all the rest of mortals is lost to me.
 They did not thus confine me in the
 northern horizon, where I passed my
 infancy and youth. Without you, my
 dear Gordon, I should have been en-
 tirely annihilated!

C H A P. XII.

The Huron's Opinion on Theatrical Pieces.

THIS Huron youth resembled one of those young vigorous trees, which being set at first in a barren soil, soon shoot forth their roots and branches; when they are transplanted into a more favourable spot: it is very strange that a prison should be that spot.

Among the books, which employed the leisure hours of these captives, were some scraps of poetry, translations of Greek tragedies, and a few pieces of
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the French theatre. Those verses, which mentioned love, caused at the same time both pleasure and pain to the Huron: they put him continually in mind of his dear St. Ives, and the fable of the Two Pigeons pierced him to the heart, as it was not in his power to return to his mate.

He was delighted with Moliere, who brought him acquainted with the customs and manners of the Parisians, and with human nature in general. To which of his comedies, asked Gordon, do you give the preference? — To Tartuff, without doubt. — I am of your opinion, said Gordon: it was a Tartuff that plunged me into this dungeon, and it is probable they were Tartuffs also, who caused your misfortunes.

How

How do you like the Greek tragedies? — Very well, as Greek ones, said the Huron. But, when he read the modern Phædra, Iphigenia, Andromaca, and Athaliah, he was in an extacy: he sighed, he shed tears, and imperceptibly retained in his mind the subjects of those pieces.

Read Rodegune, said Gordon to him, which is considered as the finest piece on the theatre. The other pieces, which have afforded you so much pleasure, are nothing when compared to this.

The young man, on reading the first page, said, This is not by the same author. — How do you discover that? —

I do not yet know; but the verses neither strike my ear nor my heart. — Oh,

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the verses are nothing ! said Gordon. —
What am I then to judge by ? replied
the Huron.

After having read this piece very attentively, merely to amuse himself, he looked at his friend with dry eyes and admiration, and knew not what to say.

At last, being pressed to give an account of the effect it had on him, he returned this answer : I could hardly understand the beginning, the middle disgusted me, and I was much affected with the last scene, though it does not appear to me very natural. I was not in the least interested for any of the characters, and I have not retained twenty verses, though I generally remember the whole of any thing that pleases me.

This piece, nevertheless, said Gordon,
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is looked upon as the best we have. — If that is the case, replied the Huron, it is perhaps like a great many people, who do not merit the place they enjoy. After all, this is an affair of taste; mine cannot yet be formed. I may be deceived; but you know it is my custom to say what I think, or rather what I feel. I fear that there is very often an illusion in fashion, and that mens judgments are too frequently ruled by caprice. I speak from nature: nature may in me be very imperfect; but at the same time, perhaps, she is very little consulted by the generality of mankind. He then recited several verses out of Iphigenia, of which his head was full; and, though he was not a fine actor, yet he spoke with so much

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much truth, and so strongly felt what he said, that he made the old Jansenist shed tears. He next read Cinna: he did not indeed weep; but he expressed his admiration.

C H A P. XIII.

The beautiful St. Ives goes to Versailles.

WHILE our youth was thus receiving more improvement than consolation, his genius, which had been so long smothered, broke out with additional force; and Nature, who was now raising him to the summit of perfection, revenged him on Fortune for the outrages he had suffered. But what became of the Prior, his good sister, and the beautiful recluse, St. Ives? The first month they were uneasy, and at the third they were plunged

plunged in sorrow: they were alarmed by false conjectures and reports, and, at the end of six months, they concluded him dead. At last, the Prior and Miss Kerkabon received intelligence by an old letter, that one of the King's guards had wrote into Bretany, intimating, that a young man, like the Huron, had arrived one evening at Versailles; that he had been carried off in the night, and that he had not been heard of since.

Alas, said Miss Kerkabon, our nephew has been guilty of some folly, and has brought himself into a scrape: he is young, and a Lower Britain, and does not know how properly to behave himself at court. My dear brother, I have never seen either Versailles or Paris. What a fine opportunity will
this

this be! and, perhaps, we may find our poor nephew: he is our brother's son, and it is our duty to assist him. Who knows, but at last we may be able to make him a Sub-deacon, when the warmth of his youth shall be a little subsided. He has a natural tendency to learning. Do not you remember how he reasoned upon the Old and New Testament? We have caused him to be baptized, and we are answerable for his soul. His dear mistress St. Ives passes her days in tears. Indeed we must go to Paris. If he is concealed in one of those bad houses, of which I have heard such dreadful stories, we will find him out, and bring him away.

The Prior was touched with his sister's discourse: he went to the Bishop of St. Malo, who had baptized

the Huron, and asked his advice and protection. The prelate approved of the journey, and gave the Prior letters of recommendation to Father la Chaize, the King's Confessor, who held the first dignity in the kingdom, to Harley, the Archbishop of Paris, and to Bossuet, the Bishop of Meaux.

At last, the brother and sister set out; but, when they arrived at Paris, they found themselves bewildered, as in a vast labyrinth, without clue or end. Their fortune was moderate; they were every day forced to hire a carriage, in order to make the intended discovery, and lost their labour.

The Prior waited on the reverend Father la Chaize, who was with Miss Du Fron, and could not give audience to Priors. He went to the door of
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the Archbishop: he was shut up with the beautiful Miss Lefdiguières upon church affairs. He went to the Bishop of Meaux's country-house: he was busy in examining, with Miss Mauleon, the Treatise on Mystic Love, wrote by Madam Guyon. At length, he gained access to these two prelates: they both of them declared to him, that they could not meddle in the affair, as his nephew was not a Sub-deacon.

At last, he saw the Jesuit, who received him with open arms: he protested, that he had ever had a particular esteem for him, though he had never seen him before: he swore, that the Society were always very much attached to the Lower Bretons: but, said he, has not your nephew the misfortune to be a Huguenot! — No, surely, my re-

reverend Father! — Is he not a Jansenist? — I can assure your Reverence he is hardly a Christian: it is not above eleven months since we had him baptized! — Oh, that's very well! come, that's very well! We will take care of him. Is not your benefice considerable? — Oh, a very little thing! and our nephew has cost us a great deal! — Are there any Jansenists in your neighbourhood? Take care, beware of them, my dear Mr. Prior; for they are more dangerous than Huguenots or atheists. — My reverend Father, we have not any; they do not know what Jansenism means at Our Lady of the Hill. — So much the better. Go, there is not any thing I will not do to serve you. He then very politely dismissed the Prior, and thought no more of him.

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The time passed on, and the Prior and his good sister were driven to despair. In the mean while, the wicked Bailiff pressed the marriage of his booby son with the beautiful Miss St. Ives, whom they had brought from the convent for that purpose. She loved her dear godson as much as she detested the husband they proposed to her. The affront she had received in being sent to a convent augmented her passion, and the order to marry the Bailiff's son exasperated her beyond all bounds. Regret, tenderness, and horror, shook her soul. Love, as is well known, is more ingenious and enterprising in young girls, than friendship in an old Prior, and an aunt above forty-five. Besides, she had received good instruc-

tion in the convent, from the romances she had there read by stealth.

The beautiful St. Ives recollected the letter the life-guardman had wrote to Lower Bretany, which was talked of in the province. She resolved to go herself to Versailles to gain information, to throw herself at the minister's feet, and, if her husband was, as reported, in prison, to obtain justice for him. I cannot tell who informed her, that at court they never refuse any thing to a pretty girl; but she did not know how dear it would cost her.

Her resolution being now fixed, she consoled herself, and became tranquil: she looked more kindly on her intended, received her detestable father-in-law more favourably, and caressed her brother. This rejoiced the whole family.

On

On the day appointed for the ceremony of her marriage, she set off privately, at four o'clock in the morning, with the little nuptial presents they had made, and every thing else she could get together. She had taken her measures so well, that she was above twenty miles on her journey, when they entered her chamber towards noon.

Their surprise and consternation were very great: the interrogating Bailiff asked more questions on this day, than he ever had before in a week. The husband looked more foolish than formerly; the Abbot of St. Ives, in a great rage, determined to pursue his sister, and the Bailiff and his son would accompany him. Thus destiny conducted to Paris almost the whole canton of Lower Bretany.

The beautiful St. Ives expected they would follow her. She travelled on horseback, and enquired very artfully of the couriers, if they had not overtaken a fat Abbot, a colossal Bailiff, and a young booby, who were travelling towards Paris. Having heard, the third day, that they were not far behind her, she struck into a different road, and managed so well, and was so lucky, as to arrive at Versailles, while they in vain searched for her at Paris.

But how she was to regulate her conduct at Versailles was a matter of no small difficulty: young, beautiful, without advice or friend, unknown, exposed to every thing; how dared she to search out a life-guardman! She thought of addressing herself to a jesuit of a low degree; for there are some of these of
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all conditions in life : as God, say they, has given different nourishment to the different kinds of animals, so he has given to the King his Confessor, whom all the solicitors for benefices call the chief of the Gallican church. Then comes the Confessors of princesses : ministers will not have any ; they are not such fools. There are jesuits of the great and the vulgar ; and above all, jesuits for chamber-maids, of whom they learn their mistresses secrets ; and this is not a trifling employment. The beautiful St. Ives addressed herself to one of this last order, who was called Father Tout-à-tous *. She confessed to him, told him her adventures, her situation, her dangers, and conjured him to pro-

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* All in all ; Every thing.

cure her a lodging with some devout woman, who might secure her from temptation.

The Father Tout-à-tous introduced her to the wife of an under officer of the household, who was one of his most devout penitents. When she was settled, she took a great deal of pains to gain the confidence and friendship of this woman. She found out the life-guardman of Lower Bretany, and desired him to come to her. Having learned from him, that her lover was carried away, after having spoken to a first clerk, she went immediately to this clerk. The sight of a beautiful woman softened him. It must be acknowledged, that God has created women to humanize mankind.

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The goose-quill, being moved with pity, discovered to her the whole affair. Your lover, said he, has been in the Bastile above a year, and without your assistance he may remain there his whole life. The tender St. Ives fainted. When she recovered her senses, the goose-quill said to her, I have not the power of doing any good: I am confined to sometimes doing mischief. Take my advice, and go to my Lord St. Pouange, who can do both good and harm: he is the cousin and favourite of Monf. Louvois. This minister has two souls: my Lord St. Pouange is one, and Madam du Belloy the other; but she is not at present at Versailles. You cannot do better than gain the favour of the protector I have pointed out to you.

The beautiful St. Ives, divided between the faint glimmerings of joy, and the excess of grief, between the shadow of hope, and the most dreadful fears, pursued by her brother, adoring her lover, one moment drying up her tears, and the next shedding them again; trembling, weak, and yet taking courage, she hastened to my Lord St. Pouange.

C H A P. XIV.

The Progress of the Huron's Genius.

THE Huron made a rapid progress in the sciences, and above all in the knowledge of the human heart. The reason of his displaying so much genius was as much owing to his savage education, as to the strength of his understanding; for not having learned any thing in his infancy, he had not imbibed any prejudices: his mind, not being warped by error, had remained in its original purity. He saw things as they were; instead of which,

which, the ideas given us in our infancy make us see things, all the rest of our lives, as they are not. Your persecutors, said he to his friend Gordon, are abominable wretches! I pity you for being oppressed; I pity you yet more for being a Jansenist. Every sect appears to me an assemblage of errors. Tell me, are there any sects in geometry?

No, my dear child, said the good man, sighing: all men are of one opinion, with regard to truth, when it is demonstrated to them; but they are much divided about obscure truths.

Say rather, about obscure falsities, replied the Huron. If there was a single truth hid under your multiplicity of arguments, which they have been sifting for so many ages, it would
without

without doubt have been discovered, and the world would have been of one mind, at least upon this point: if this truth had been as necessary as the sun is to the earth, it would have been as clear as that. To say, that there is a truth essential to man, and that God has concealed it, is an absurdity, it is an outrage on human nature, it is blaspheming the infinite and supreme Being,

The observations of this ignorant young man, who was instructed only by Nature, made a deep impression on the learned, old, unfortunate Jansenist. Is it possible, said he, that I have made myself really miserable in the pursuit of chimeras! I have much stronger proofs of the reality of my misfortunes, than of my special grace.

I have consumed my days in reasoning upon the liberty of God, and of mankind; but I have lost my own. Neither St. Augustin nor St. Prosper can draw me out of the abyſs, into which I am plunged.

The Huron, giving way to his natural disposition, at last said to him, Will you give me leave to speak to you freely? Those who are persecuted for these school disputes do not appear to me over wise, and those who persecute them seem monsters.

The two captives were very much of an opinion, with regard to the injustice of their imprisonment. I am, said the Huron, an hundred times more to be lamented than you. I was born free as air: I had two beings, liberty, and the object of my affections; but I am

am deprived of both: we are both in chains, without knowing who has put us into them, or being able to enquire. I have lived a Huron twenty years: they say they are a barbarous people, because they revenge themselves on their enemies; but they never oppress their friends. Hardly had I set foot in France, but I shed my blood for the French. I have, perhaps, saved a province, and for my recompence I am buried here alive, where I should have died with rage, if it had not been for you. Are there no laws in this country? Do they condemn men without hearing them? It is not so in England. Ah, I ought not to have fought against the English! Thus he complained, and his new-acquired philosophy

losophy could not conquer Nature thus offended in the most sensible part, or prevent his just indignation from breaking forth in complaints.

His companion did not contradict him. Absence always encreases unfeigned love, and philosophy did not diminish it. He talked more of his dear St. Ives, than of morality or metaphysics, and the purer his sentiments became, the stronger his love encreased. He read some new romances : he found very few of them that painted the situation of his soul, as he always felt in his own mind more than he there found described. Ah, said he, almost all these authors write rather from the head than the heart ! In a little time, the good Jansenist priest became the confident

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confident of his tenderness. He had never known love before, but as a sin, of which he accused himself at confession. He now learned to consider it as a sentiment, as noble as tender, which elevated the soul, as well as softened it, and which was sometimes productive of virtue. In short, as the last prodigy, a Huron converted a Jansenist.

CHAP. XV.

The beautiful St. Ives resists some delicate Propositions.

THE beautiful St. Ives, more tender, if possible, than her lover, went to my Lord St. Pouange, accompanied by her friend, with whom she lodged, both of them wrapt up in their hoods.

The first thing they saw at the door was her brother, the Abbot of St. Ives, who was coming out. She was frightened; but her devout friend encouraged her. It is, said she, because they speak
against

against you, that you yourself ought to speak. Be assured that accusers, in this country, are always in the right, if we do not make haste to confute them: besides, if I am not much deceived, your presence will have a greater effect, than the words of your brother.

Very little encouragement is necessary to make a person, that is passionately in love, intrepid. St. Ives presented herself at the audience: her youth, her beauty, her soft eyes swimming in tears, drew the attention of every one: all the under-minister's courtiers for a moment forgot the idol of Power, to contemplate that of Beauty. St. Pouange ordered her to be conducted into a closet: she there spoke so movingly, and with so much grace, that the minister was affected by it.

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She trembled, he encouraged her. — Come again this evening: your affairs require to be considered and spoken of at leisure: here is too great a croud, and audiences are forced to be hurried over: I must enquire into the bottom of what concerns you. Then, having praised her beauty and sentiments, he desired her to return at seven o'clock in the evening.

Her devout friend did not fail to go with her again; but she staid in the saloon, reading the Christian Pedagogue, while the beautiful St. Ives and St. Pouange went into his closet.

Would you believe it, Miss, said he to her first, that your brother has been here, to desire a *lettre de cachet* against you! Indeed, I should rather grant one to be served on him, to send him back

back to Lower Bretany. — Alas, Sir, are you then so liberal of *lettres de cachet* in your office, that people come to solicit for them from the furthest parts of the kingdom, as if they were pensions! I am very far from desiring one against my brother. I have great reason to complain of him; but I consider the liberty of man as a sacred right. I come to petition for that of the man I would espouse; of a man, to whom the King owes the preservation of a province, who is able to serve him usefully, and who is the son of an officer, that lost his life in his service. Of what is he accused? How could they unheard treat him so cruelly!

The under-minister then shewed her the letter from the jesuit's spy, and that from the perfidious Bailiff. Ah! what!

can

can there be such monsters on earth; and would they force me to marry the ridiculous son of so contemptible and wicked a man! Is it by such informations that you here decide the fate of citizens? She threw herself on her knees, and demanded, with sighs and tears, the releasement of the brave man who adored her.

This situation exhibited her charms to the greatest advantage. She was so beautiful, that St. Pouange lost all shame, and insinuated, that she would succeed in her request, if she would grant him the favour she reserved for her lover.

Miss St. Ives, who was frightened and confused, for a long time feigned not to understand him: so that he was obliged to explain himself more clearly.

A distant

a distant word dropped, at first, produced another still closer, which was followed by one more expressive: he not only offered the revocation of the *lettre de cachet*, but rewards, riches, honours, and establishments: the greater his promises were, the more ardently he wished not to be refused.

St. Ives cried till she was almost suffocated with her tears, half sunk on a sofa: she could scarce give credit to what she heard and saw. St. Pouange, in his turn, threw himself on his knees: his figure was not disagreeable, and perhaps would not have terrified a person, whose heart was less prepossessed; but St. Ives adored her lover, and looked upon it as a horrible crime to betray him, in order to restore him to freedom.

H St. Pouange

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St. Pouange redoubled his prayers and promises, and forgot himself so far, at last, as to declare, that this was the only means of delivering from prison, the man, for whom she was so violently and tenderly interested.

This strange conversation grew very long. The devout old lady in the antichamber read her Christian Pedagogue, saying, What can they be about these two hours? My Lord St. Pouange did not use to give such long audiences! Perhaps he has refused this poor girl, and she is still entreating him.

At last her companion came out of the closet, lost in amazement, and so terrified that she could not speak, profoundly reflecting on the characters of the great and half-great, who with such facility

facility make a sacrifice of the liberties of mankind, and the honour of women.

She did not say a word till they got home; she then broke silence, and related all. The devout lady made several large signs of the cross. My dear friend, we must to-morrow consult Father Tout-à-tous, our director. He has great interest with Lord St. Pouange: he confesses several of his servants, is a pious, easy, good man, and is director also to several ladies of quality. Trust yourself to him, as I always do, and have never been deceived. We poor women want a man to guide us; therefore, my dear friend, I will go to-morrow and find Father Tout-à-tous.

C H A P. XVI.

She consults the Jesuit.

WHEN the beautiful but disconsolate St. Ives was with her confessor, she told him, that a man in great power, but who was very libidinous, had proposed to deliver from prison the man, who ought to become her lawful husband; that he demanded a great price for this service; that she had a horrible repugnance to commit such an infidelity, and that, if her life would content him, she would part with it rather than yield.

What

What an abominable sinner! said Father Tout-à-tous to her. You must tell me the name of this villainous man! It was some Jansenist, without doubt. I will inform his reverence Father la Chaîse of him, who will send him to the place, which holds from you the dear man, to whom you are devoted.

The poor girl was very much embarrassed, and very irresolute; but at last she named St. Pouange.

My Lord St. Pouange! cried the Jesuit. Ah, my daughter, this quite alters the case! He is cousin to the greatest minister we ever had! A worthy man! a protector of the good cause! a good Christian! he could never have such a thought! you must have misunderstood him!

Ah, my Father, I understood him but too well! I am undone! Do what I will, I have no choice but misery or shame: either my lover must remain buried alive, or I render myself unworthy to live. I cannot suffer him to perish, nor can I save him.

The Father Tout-à-tous endeavoured to sooth her by these insinuating words.

First, My dear daughter, never again make use of that expression, *my lover*. It has something in it so worldly, that it may offend God. Say, *my husband*; for, though he is not so yet, you look upon him as such, and nothing can be more proper.

Secondly, Though he is your husband in idea and hope, yet he is not such in reality; therefore you would not commit adultery, which is a most enormous

enormous sin, and always to be avoided as much as possible.

Thirdly, Actions are not so culpable when the intention is pure, as when it is malicious, and nothing can be more eligible than to deliver your husband.

Fourthly, You have examples in holy antiquity, which suit your case marvelously well, and will be a guide to you. St. Augustin relates, that under the proconsulate of Septimius Acindinus, in the year three hundred and forty of our salvation, a poor man, not being able to pay unto Cæsar that which was due unto Cæsar, was condemned to death, which was very just, notwithstanding the maxim, that *where there is nothing the king must lose his right.* It was a pound of gold that he owed. The condemned man had a wife, whom

God had endowed with beauty and prudence. An old rich man promised to give more than a pound of gold to the woman, on condition she would commit with him the abominable sin. The woman thought she could not do wrong in saving the life of her husband. St. Augustin very much approves her generous resignation. It is true, the old miser cheated her, and perhaps her husband was nevertheless hanged; but she did all that lay in her power to save his life.

You may depend on this, my daughter, that when a Jesuit quotes St. Augustin, the words of that saint must needs bring conviction with them. I do not advise any thing: you are prudent, and it is to be presumed, that you may be very serviceable to your husband. My
Lord

Lord St. Pouange is a very honest man, and he will not deceive you. I cannot say any thing further: I will pray to God for you, and I hope that every thing will turn out to his glory.

The beautiful St. Ives, not less frightened at the Jesuit's discourse, than at the under-minister's propositions, returned in great amazement to her friend. She was sometimes tempted to deliver herself, by death, from the horrors of leaving in a frightful prison a lover, whom she adored, and from the shame of freeing him by the loss of what was still dearer, and which was this unfortunate lover's sole right.

C H A P. XVII.

She yields through Virtue.

SHE begged of her friend to kill her; but this woman was equally indulgent with the Jesuit, and spoke to her much plainer. Alas! said she, it is scarce ever otherwise in this court, so amiable, so galant, and so renowned. The most moderate, as well as the most considerable places, are very often given on no other terms, than those exacted of you. Listen to me: you have inspired me with friendship and confidence: I acknowledge to you, that had
I been

I been as nice as you are, my husband would not have enjoyed the little post, which now supports us. He knows it; and so far from being angry, he looks upon me as his benefactress, and on himself as bound to me. Do you imagine, that all here, who have been at the head of provinces, and even armies, owe their honours and their fortunes to their services alone? They are most of them obliged for them to the ladies, their wives. The dignities of Mars, have been solicited by Venus, and places have been given to the husbands of the greatest beauties.

You are still in a more interesting situation: it depends on you to bring your lover into day-light, and to marry him: a sacred duty, which you ought to fulfil. The beautiful and great

ladies, of whom we have been speaking, have never had the least blame cast on them. You will be applauded: it will be said, that you have only been guilty of a weakness from an excess of virtue.

Ah, virtue! what virtue! cried Miss St. Ives. What a labyrinth of iniquity! What a country! In what a light do I begin to regard mankind! A Father la Chaize, and a ridiculous Bailiff, have put my lover in prison: I am persecuted by my family; no assistance offered me in my distress, but what tends to my dishonour. One Jesuit has been the destruction of a brave man, another Jesuit would destroy me. I am beset with snares, and am on the brink of destruction. I must speak to the King: I will throw myself at his feet, when he is going to mass or the play.

You

You will not be permitted to come near him, said her good friend; and if you should be so unlucky as to speak to him, M. Louvois, and the reverend Father la Chaise, would find the means of burying you in a convent for the rest of your days.

Whilst this noble personage was thus encreasing the perplexities of this almost-distracted young creature, and at every word plunging a dagger into her heart, a messenger came from Lord Pouange, with a letter, and a pair of beautiful diamond ear-rings. St. Ives refused both with tears; but her friend received them.

When the messenger was gone, our confidant read the letter, in which was an invitation to the two friends to a little supper that evening. St. Ives protested
she

she would not go. The devout lady would try on the diamond ear-rings; but St. Ives would not permit her. They contested the whole day about it: at length, having no other object in view but her lover, vanquished, dragged she knew not where nor how, she suffered herself to be conducted to this fatal supper. She could not be forced by any means to wear the ear-rings. The confidant carried them: she obliged her, notwithstanding all her efforts, to let her put them on before she sat down to table. St. Ives was so confused, and so uneasy, that she permitted her to torment her; and the master of the house looked on this incident as a very favourable omen.

As soon as the supper was over, the confidant very discreetly retired. He
then

then shewed her the revocation of the *lettre de cachet*, the brevet for a considerable gratification, and another for a company, and was not sparing of promises. Ah, said Miss St. Ives, how I should love you, if you did not want to be loved too much!

At last, after a long resistance, after sighs, cries and tears, weakened by the struggle, fainting and languishing, she was forced to submit. She had no other resource, than determining to think only on the Huron, while the cruel wretch took advantage, without the least remorse, of the necessity to which she was reduced.

C H A P. XVIII.

She delivers her Lover and a Jansenist.

AT break of day she flew to Paris, provided with an order from the minister. It is very difficult to describe what passed in her heart during the journey, if we consider a virtuous and a noble mind humbled by shame, overcome with tendernefs, torn with remorse, for having betrayed her lover, and at the same time feeling infinite pleasure at the thoughts of delivering him, whom she adored. Her griefs, her struggles,
her

her success, entirely engrossed her reflections. She ceased to be the simple girl, whose ideas were cramped by a country education: love and misfortunes had converted her into another woman; sentiments had made as great a progress in her mind, as reason had in that of her unfortunate lover. Girls learn to feel much sooner than men learn to think: her adventures afforded her more instruction, than four years passed in a convent possibly could.

Her dress was the plainest imaginable: she regarded with horror the ornaments, in which she had appeared before her baneful benefactor: she left her diamond ear-rings with her companion, without casting a look at them. Confused, and charmed to idolatry with
the

the Huron, and hating herself, she at length arrived at the gate

Of this castle so dreadful, for vengeance design'd,
Where the guilty and innocent both are confin'd.

She was forced to have assistance to get out of the coach. She entered, her heart beat, her eyes swam in tears, and she looked wild. They introduced her to the governor: she tried to speak to him, but her voice failed her: she shewed him her order, scarcely being able to utter an intelligible word. The governor loved his prisoner, and was very glad he was going to be released. His heart was not hardened like some other honourable jailors, who think only of the advantage they gain by detaining their prisoners, sacrificing them to their own interest, living on the misfortunes.

fortunes of others, and enjoying the tears of the wretched.

He sent for his prisoner into his apartment. When the two lovers saw each other, they both fainted. The beautiful St. Ives remained a great while in her swoon; but the Huron soon took courage. This is, without doubt, your wife, said the governor, though you never told me you were married. I am informed, that it is to her generous sollicitude you owe your liberty. — Ah! I am unworthy to be his wife, said the beautiful St. Ives, with a faltering voice, and then fainted again.

When she was recovered, she held out, with a trembling hand, the brevet of reward, and the promise of a company. The Huron, overcome with astonishment and tenderness, seemed to
awake

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awake from one dream to fall into another. Why have I been shut up here? How have you been able to deliver me? Where are the monsters that have thrown me into prison? You are a divinity descended from heaven to release me!

The beautiful St. Ives looked down, then stole a glance at her lover, then blushed, and turned her eyes from him bathed in tears. She then acquainted him with every thing as it had happened, except what she wished to have buried in oblivion, and which any one but the Huron, who was so little acquainted with the world, and the customs of courts, would have too easily discovered.

Is it possible, that such a wretch as the Bailiff could have the power to
deprive

deprive me of liberty? Oh! I see very plainly, that it is amongst men as amongst the lowest animals: every one is capable of doing an injury; but is it possible, that a Monk, a Jesuit, a King's Confessor, should cause my misfortunes, as well as this Bailiff? I cannot imagine on what pretext this detestable villain could persecute me! Has he made me pass for a Jansenist? But how came you to remember me? I was not worthy of it: I was then a mere savage. How was you able, without counsel, without assistance, to undertake a journey to Versailles? You have appeared, and released me from my fetters. Is there in beauty and virtue such irresistible charms, as to open gates of iron, and soften hearts of steel?

At

At the word Virtue, sighs escaped the beautiful St. Ives : she could not reconcile it with the crime, of which she reproached herself. Her lover thus continued : My angel, you have broke my bonds. If you had the power, which I can scarce comprehend, to procure me justice, do as much for an old man, who has first taught me to think, as you have to love. Misfortune has united us, I love him as a father, and I cannot live separated from him or you.

I ! What I solicit the same man, who ——— Yes, replied the Huron, I desire to owe every thing to you, and I would not be obliged to any one else. Write to this powerful man, overcome me with your benefits, finish what you
5 have

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have begun, and compleat your prodigies.

She found it impossible to refuse any request of her lover: she tried to write, but her hand refused its office: three times she began the letter, and three times she tore it: she however finished it at last; and the two lovers went out, after having embraced the old martyr to special grace.

The fortunate and yet disconsolate St. Ives knew where her brother lodged: she went there, and her lover took an apartment in the same house.

Hardly were they arrived, when her protector sent an order for the enlargement of the good man Gordon, and desired her to meet him the next day. Thus each honourable and generous action that he performed, was to be repaid

repaid by her shame. She looked with horror on this manner of selling the happiness and misery of mankind. She gave the order for releasement to her lover ; but refused to meet a benefactor, whom she could not see, without expiring with grief and shame.

The Huron would not have been absent from her a moment, but to deliver his friend. He flew ; and while he was fulfilling this duty, could not help reflecting on the strange events that happen in this world, and admiring the uncommon virtue and courage of a young girl, to whom two unfortunate people were indebted for more than life.

C H A P. XIX.

*The beautiful St. Ives and her Relations
meet.*

THE generous and praise-worthy, though unfortunate St. Ives, was with the Abbot, her brother, the good Prior of Our Lady of the Hill, and Miss erkabon. They were all equally astonished; but their situations and sentiments were very different: the Abbot wept for his past faults, and implored his sister's forgiveness: she pardoned him. The Prior and his sister shed tears also; but these were tears of joy.

The wretched Bailiff, and his insupportable son, did not interrupt this moving scene: they set out on the first news of their enemy's release, to bury their folly and fear in their own province.

These four persons, agitated by a hundred different emotions, waited for the return of the young man with his friend, whom he was gone to deliver. The Abbot of St. Ives dared not to lift up his eyes to his sister. The good Kerkabon said, I shall then see my dear nephew again! — You will see him, said the charming St. Ives; but he is not the same man: his deportment, his voice, his mind and ideas, are all changed: he is now so improved, that he has a dignity in his manner, equal to his former simplicity
and

and ignorance. He will be the consolation and honour of your family. Why cannot I also be the honour of mine? — You are not yourself, said the Prior: What has happened to you to cause so great a change?

In the midst of this conversation, the Huron arrived, leading his Jansenist by the hand. The scene was then renewed in a more interesting manner: it began by the tenderest embraces, with which the uncle and aunt received their nephew. The Abbot of St. Ives was ready to kneel to the Huron, who was now no longer a Canadian savage. The two lovers expressed the sentiments of their souls by the language of their eyes. Satisfaction and gratitude shone in the countenance of one, and embarrassment was painted in the half-wild,

though tender looks of the other: they were astonished, what could give her concern in the midst of so much joy.

Old Gordon, in a few moments, became dear to the whole family. He had been a fellow sufferer with the young prisoner, which was a sufficient recommendation: he owed his deliverance to two lovers, and that alone was enough to reconcile him to the passion of love: his heart was softened, he had lost the asperity of his former character and opinions, and was changed into a man, as well as the Huron. Before supper, they recounted their adventures: the two Abbots and the aunt heard them with the same avidity, as children hear stories of ghosts, and as men, who are always interested in such disasters,

Alas!

Alas ! said Gordon, there are perhaps above five hundred virtuous persons, who at present wear the same chains as Miss St. Ives has now broken : their misfortunes are not known. There are numbers willing to oppress the miserable ; seldom one that is ready to succour them.

This just reflection encreased his sensibility and gratitude, and redoubled the triumph of the beautiful St. Ives. They admired her greatness and strength of mind. This admiration was mixed with the respect, which one is struck with, without knowing why, for a person who appears to have credit at court ; but the Abbot of St. Ives sometimes said, What could my sister do, so soon to obtain this great consequence ?

They sat down to supper very early, when, behold! the good friend from Versailles arrived, without knowing any thing of what had happened. She was in a coach and six. They saw immediately to whom the equipage belonged. She entered with the haughty air of a person from court upon some great affair: she saluted the company slightly, and took St. Ives aside. — Why do you make people wait for you so long? Follow me: here are your diamonds, which you left behind you.

She did not speak these words so low, as to escape the ears of the Huron. He saw the jewels: the brother was struck; the uncle and aunt were only sensible of that surprize, which such good people might be supposed to feel, who had never before seen any thing
so

so magnificent; the young man, who was formed by a year's reflection, could not refrain from conjecturing, and in an instant grew uneasy. His mistress perceived it: her beautiful face grew pale as death, and she was seized with such a tremor, that she could scarce support herself. Ah, madam, said she to this fatal friend, you have undone me! you have killed me!

These words pierced the Huron's heart; but he had now learned to conceal his emotions: he did not reveal them, for fear of giving his mistress pain in the presence of her brother; but he also grew pale.

St. Ives, distracted at the alteration she perceived in her lover's countenance, took the woman out of the chamber into a little passage, and threw the diamonds

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on the ground before her — Ah! it is not these baubles which have seduced me, and you know it; but he who gave them me shall never see me again. The friend took them up, and St. Ives added, Let him take them again, or let him give them to you. Go; do not make me yet more despicable to myself! The embassadress at length went away, without being able to comprehend the cause of the remorse, of which she had been a witness.

The beautiful St. Ives, who was inexpressibly oppressed, felt an internal revolution, which almost suffocated her. She was obliged to go to bed; but not being willing to alarm the company, she did not drop the least hint of what she suffered. She pretended to be greatly fatigued, and begged leave to retire,

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retire, to take a little repose, after having cheered them with some flattering and consoling speeches, and cast a look at her lover, which enflamed his soul.

The supper, as it was not animated by her presence, was at first very dull; but they soon fell into that sort of serious, but interesting, friendly, and useful conversation, so much superior to that frivolous mirth so ardently pursued, and which is generally nothing but empty and tiresome noise.

Gordon gave a concise history of Jansenism and Mulinism, of the persecutions each sect received from the other, and the obstinacy of both. The Huron criticised thereon, and was sorry to think, that men could not be content with the discord, which these se-

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veral interests caused, without having recourse to chimerical and unintelligible absurdities to create new ones.

Gordon related, the other judged: the company heard them with emotion, and received new lights. They spoke of the long duration of our misfortunes, and the shortness of life: they remarked, that each profession had a peculiar vice and dangerous inconvenience attached to it; and that from the prince, down to the lowest beggar, every body accuses Nature. How is it possible, that there should be so many men to be found, who, for a trifling recompence, will become the persecutors, the jailors, and hangmen of others? With what inhuman indifference a man in office signs the ruin of a family! And with what still more

barbarous joy these mercenaries execute it.

I saw in my youth, said the good man Gordon, a relation of Marshal de Marillac, who, being driven from his province on this unfortunate gentleman's account, concealed himself under a feigned name at Paris. He was an old man of seventy-two. His wife, who accompanied him, was nearly of the same age. Their graceless son, who had run away from them when he was fourteen years old, first enlisted as a soldier, deserted, then run through every kind of debauchery and misery, and at last, having taken another name, he got to be one of Cardinal Richelieu's guards; for this priest had guards, as well as Mazarine. He rose

to be an Exempt in this company of guards.

This adventurer was ordered to seize the old man and his wife, and he acquitted himself with all the cruelty of a person willing to please his master. As he was conducting them, he heard the miserable poor creatures deplore the numberless misfortunes they had gone through from their cradles, and mentioned, as the greatest of them, the folly and loss of their only son. He knew them, but carried them to prison: nevertheless assuring them, that he should always serve his Eminence, in preference to every thing. His Eminence recompensed his zeal.

I have known a spy of Father la Chaife betray his brother, in hopes of
a little

a little benefice, which however he had not; and he died, not with remorse, but of grief, for having been deceived by the Jesuit.

The employment of Confessor, which I exercised for a long time, made me intimately acquainted with several families, I scarce ever saw it otherwise, than that they were plunged into the utmost affliction, while they put on an outward appearance of felicity, and seemed to swim in joy. I have always remarked, that great misfortunes were the fruits of our boundless cupidity.

As for me, said the Huron, I think that a person, of a sensible, noble, and grateful mind, may live happily; and I hope to enjoy many years of genuine felicity with the beautiful and
generous

generous St. Ives; for I flatter myself, continued he, addressing himself to her brother with a friendly smile, that you will not refuse me, as you did last year, and that I shall take her in a more becoming manner. The Abbot confounded himself in excuses for the past, and with protestations of eternal attachment for the future.

The uncle Kerkabon said it would be the happiest day of his life: the good aunt was transported, and weeping for joy, cried out, I always said you would never be a Sub-deacon. This sacrament * is worth twenty of the other †. Would it had pleased God,

that

* The Catholics reckon seven sacraments, of which Marriage is one.

† Alluding to the Christening of the Huron.

that I might have had the honour to have partaken of it; but, however, I will be your mother. Then they all strove, which should bestow the highest encomiums on the tender St. Ives.

The lover had his heart too full of what she had done for him, and he loved her too much, to suffer the affair of the diamonds to make any deep impression on his mind; but those words, which he had heard too plainly, *you have killed me*, gave him a secret dread, which dashed all his joy, whilst the praises bestowed on his beautiful mistress augmented his love. In short, they were entirely taken up with her; they could not speak of any thing, but the happiness which these two lovers merited. They concluded to live all together

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together at Paris: they formed schemes for their future fortune and grandeur, and gave themselves up to all those flattering hopes, which the least glimpse of felicity is so apt to give rise to.

The Huron, in the recesses of his heart, felt something, which seemed to contradict this illusion: he read again the promises signed *St. Pouange*, and the brevets signed *Louvois*. They formed ideas of these men, such as they were, or such as they fancied them to be: each spoke of ministers and administration with that freedom of table-chat, which is considered by the French as the most precious liberty that can be enjoyed on earth.

If I were King of France, said the Huron, this is the minister, in the war department,

department, that I would chuse: I would have a man of very high birth; because he should give his orders with dignity. I would have him an officer, and one who has passed through the several ranks, and had at least arrived to the post of Lieutenant-general, and worthy to be a Marshal of France; for it is necessary, that he should have served himself, in order to be the better acquainted with the several details absolutely requisite to the service; and would not the officers, with far greater alacrity, obey a soldier, who had, like them, signalized his courage, than a man bred a minister, who, however extensive his genius might be, could only be acquainted in theory with the operations of a campaign. I should

should not be angry with my minister for being generous, though sometimes my treasurer might be a little embarrassed. I should love that he had a faculty in dispatching affairs, and that he was distinguished by that liveliness of imagination, which generally appertains to men superior to business, which is so pleasing to the nation, and which renders every duty less irksome. He was desirous, that a minister should be of this character; because he had always observed, that gaiety and cruelty were incompatible.

M. Louvois would not, perhaps, have been greatly satisfied with the Huron's choice; for his merit was of a very different kind.

But

But while they were thus conversing at table, the unfortunate girl's distemper took a very fatal turn: her blood was enflamed: she was seized with a violent fever; but she suffered without complaining, for fear of making the company unhappy.

Her brother, knowing she was not asleep, went to her bed-side. He was surprised at the condition in which he found her: they all ran into her apartment, and her lover followed her brother. He was doubtless the most alarmed, and most affected of them all; but he had learned to join discretion to the many happy gifts, which Nature had lavished on him, and a ready sentiment of decorum began to operate very powerfully in him.

They

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They sent immediately for a neighbouring physician. He was one of those itinerant doctors, who confound the case of those they come from last with the present, who make use of a blind practice in a science, which all the maturity of a sound judgment and deep reflection cannot divest of its uncertainty and danger. He redoubled the malady by a prescription which was then very much in fashion.

Is there a fashion then in physic? This phrenzy was too common in Paris, as well as in all the polite parts of Europe.

The sorrowful St. Ives contributed herself, as much as her physician, to render her illness dangerous. Her mind destroyed her body: the croud
of

of thoughts, with which she was agitated, conveyed a more deadly poison through her veins, than could be expected from the most violent fever, that ever tortured the human frame.

CHAPTER XX.

THEY called in another physician, who, instead of leaving Nature, which in a young person is very strong, to its own operations, and only assisting it, which was all that was necessary, (for every organ would tend its aid in recalling life) he chose himself in counteracting the propensities of his brother doctor.

C H A P. XX.

The beautiful St. Ives expires, and what happened afterwards.

THEY called in another physician, who, instead of leaving Nature, which in a young person is very strong, to its own operations, and only assisting it, which was all that was necessary, (for every organ would lend its aid in recalling life) he busied himself in counteracting the prescriptions of his brother doctor.

The

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The disease in two days became mortal. The brain, which is believed to be the seat of the judgment, was as violently affected as the heart, which is said to be the seat of the passions.

What incomprehensible mechanism has submitted the organs to sentiment and thought ! How one painful idea alters the course of the blood ! And how comes it, that the blood in its turn carries its irregularities to the human mind ? What is that unknown fluid, of which the existence is certain, which is quicker and more active than the light, and flies in the twinkling of an eye through all the channels of life ; produces memory, sorrow or joy, reason or frenzy ; recalls with horror what one would wish to forget, and makes,

of

of a thinking animal, an object of admiration, or a subject of pity and tears?

This was what the good Gordon said; and this natural reflection, which men very seldom make, did not prevent his feeling a tender concern; for he was not one of those wretched philosophers, who constrain themselves to be insensible.

He was as much touched with the fate of this young girl, as a father would be at the sight of a favourite child dying a lingering death. The Abbot of St. Ives was driven to despair: the Prior and his sister shed a torrent of tears; but who can describe the situation of her lover? No language can express the contending tumults,

mults, which raged in his bosom: all languages are too imperfect.

The aunt, almost deprived of life, held the head of the expiring St. Ives with her feeble hands. Her brother was upon his knees at the foot of the bed. Her lover pressed her hand, which he bathed with his tears, and then broke forth into sighs: he called her his benefactress, his hopes, his life, the half of himself, his mistress, his spouse.

At this word Spouse she sighed, and looked at him with inexpressible tenderness: then gave a cry of horror. Afterwards, in one of her intervals, when grief, the oppression of her senses, and her excruciating tortures, were so far abated, as to leave her soul liberty and

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strength,

strength, she exclaimed, I your spouse!
Ah, my dear lover, that name, that
happiness, that prize, is no longer
designed for me! I die, and justly.
O God of my heart! O you, of whom
I have made a sacrifice to infernal
demons, it is done! I am punished;
but may you live happily!

They were not able to comprehend
the meaning of these terrible yet tender
words: they filled their hearts with
horror and compassion. She had the
courage to explain them. At every
word they all shuddered with astonish-
ment, grief and pity. They all joined
in detestation of this great man, who
had repaired a horrid act of injustice
by a more shocking crime, and forced
the most respectable and innocent per-
son

son to bear a part of the load of his guilt.

What, you culpable! said her lover. No, you are not: crimes spring only from the heart, and yours was devoted to virtue and me!

He confirmed this sentiment by words, that seemed to recal St. Ives to life: she found herself consoled, and was amazed to find she was still beloved.

Old Gordon would have condemned her, had he been still a Janfenist; but being become wiser, he esteemed her, and wept for her misfortune.

In the midst of so much horror and tears, whilst the danger of this dear girl filled all their hearts with grief, and whilst they were in the utmost

consternation, they were informed that a courier was arrived from court.

A courier! and from whom? for what? It was from the King's Confessor to the Prior of the Hill; but it was not Father la Chaîse who wrote, it was Brother Vadbled, his Valet de Chambre, who was a man of great importance at that time: he it was, who used to send the reverend Father's orders to Archbishops, he who gave audiences, he who promised benefices, he who sometimes caused *lettres de cachet* to be dispatched. He wrote to the Abbot of the Hill, "that
" his Reverence had been informed
" of his nephew's adventures; that
" his imprisonment was occasioned by
" a mistake; that such little disgraces
" frequently

“ frequently happened ; that he ought
“ not to mind it ; and, in short, that
“ it would be proper for the Prior to
“ come and present his nephew the
“ next day ; that he should bring
“ with him the good man Gordon ;
“ that he, Brother Vaddled, would
“ introduce them to his Eminence,
“ and to M. Louvois, who would
“ speak a word to them in his anti-
“ chamber.”

He added, “ that the Huron’s his-
“ tory, and his engagement with the
“ English, had been related to the
“ King, and that his Majesty would
“ certainly condescend to take notice
“ of him when he went through the
“ gallery, and perhaps even nod his
“ head at him.”

The letter concluded with giving him the most flattering hopes, "that
 " all the ladies of the court would
 " invite his nephew to their toilets;
 " that several amongst them would
 " say, *Good morrow to you, Mr. Huron!*
 " and assuring him, that he would be
 " spoken of at the King's supper."
 The letter was signed, Your affectionate
 Brother Vaddled, Jesuit.

The Prior having read the letter aloud, his nephew, though in the utmost rage, commanded his passion for a moment, and said nothing to the bearer; but turning to the companion of his misfortunes, asked him what he thought of this stile. Gordon answered him, Is it thus they treat men? Like apes they beat them, and then expect them to dance.

The

The Huron resumed his natural character, which always returned on any great emotion of his mind : he tore the letter in pieces, and threw them in the courier's face. There is my answer, said he.

His uncle was frightened out of his wits : he thought he heard a thunder-clap, and twenty *lettres de cachet* fall on him at once. He ran in an instant to write, and to excuse, as well as he could, what he considered as the violence of a young man; but which proceeded from a greatness of soul.

More dismal cares now took possession of every heart. The beautiful and unfortunate St. Ives began to be sensible of her approaching end. She was calm; but it was that frightful

calm of Nature sinking under the distemper, not having any longer power to combat it.

Oh, my dear lover! said she, in a faltering voice, Death will punish me for my weakness; but I expire with the consolation of knowing you are at liberty. I adored you, while I betrayed you, and I now adore you, while I bid you eternally adieu.

She did not put on an ostentatious bravery: she had not any idea of that miserable vanity, of having it said she died with courage. Who, at twenty, can bear to lose her lover, her life, and what is called her honour, without regret and the utmost reluctance? She felt all the horrors of her condition, and she made it known by her words
and

and dying looks, which spoke in the most forcible manner: at last she cried, as most people do in such a situation, in those moments when they have power to cry.

Let others endeavour to praise the vain-glorious deaths of those, who enter into oblivion with insensibility: it is the way of all animals. We do not die like them, but when age or sickness has rendered us like them, by the stupefaction of our organs. Whoever sustains a great loss, must have great regret: if he stifles it, it is because he carries his vanity even into the arms of death.

When the fatal moment was arrived, all the assistants burst forth in cries and tears: the Huron swooned away. Great

souls have more violent sensations than others, when they proceed from tenderness. The good Gordon knew this too well, not to fear his making some attempt on his life, when he should come to himself: they secured every weapon. The unfortunate young man perceived it: he said to Gordon and his relations, without a sigh, tear, or the least emotion, Do you think then, that any one on earth is able, or has any right, to hinder me from putting a period to my life?

Gordon took care, not to make use of those tiresome and common-place arguments, by which they strive to prove, that it is not permitted any one to make use of his liberty to cease to exist, when his being becomes miserable; that he must not go out of his house, when

when it is impossible to stay any longer in it; that a man is in this world, like a soldier on his post, as if it was of any consequence to the supreme Being of all beings, whether a little assemblage of some particles of matter was in one place or in another: weak reasons, which a fixed and determined despair disdains to hear, and to which Cato made answer by the stroke of a poinard.

The sullen and terrible silence of the Huron, the gloomy cast of his eyes, his quivering lips, and trembling body, struck all who beheld him with a mixture of compassion and dread, which took from them every faculty of their souls, and rendered them almost speechless. The mistress of the house and her family came into the room: they shook
at

at the sight of his despair, they kept him in view, and watched all his motions. Then the cold corpse of the late beautiful St. Ives was carried into a lower room, far from the eyes of her lover, which seemed still to search for her, though he was incapable of seeing any thing.

In the midst of this spectacle of death, while the corpse was exposed at the door of the house, and two priests were sprinkling it with holy water, and reciting prayers with a distracted air; while some people as they passed sprinkled it out of idleness, and others walked on with indifference; while her relations cried and mourned for her, and her lover did not think it possible to survive her, St. Pouange arrived with his friend from Versailles.

His

His transient appetite, having only been once satisfied, was become love: the refusal of his favours had piqued him. Father la Chaise would never have thought of coming to this house, had not St. Pouange, who every instant had the image of the beautiful St. Ives before his eyes, burnt to satiate a passion, which, by a single enjoyment, had only been enflamed: he therefore determined to come himself in search of her, who, perhaps, he would not have seen three times, had she visited him through her own inclination.

When he alighted from his coach, the first object that struck him was a bier. He turned away his eyes, with that common distaste of men brought up in luxury and pleasure, who think
that

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that no object, which might bring them to contemplate the misery of human nature, ought to present itself to them. He was going up the stair-case, when the old woman from Versailles asked, out of curiosity, who they were going to bury. They answered, Miss St. Ives,

At this name she grew pale, and gave a piercing shriek. St. Pouange returned, and surprise and grief took possession of his soul. The good Gordon was there, with his eyes drowned in tears. He interrupted his sorrowful prayers, to inform the courtier of the whole of this horrible catastrophe: he spoke to him with that superiority, which grief and virtue always give.

St. Pouange

St. Pouange was not naturally bad: the torrent of affairs and amusements, in which he had been immersed, had carried him away, so that he was as yet unacquainted with himself; nor was he arrived at that advanced age, which generally hardens the hearts of ministers. He heard Gordon with downcast eyes, and dried up some tears, which he was astonished at shedding: he began for the first time to feel remorse.

I must see, said he, this extraordinary man you have mentioned to me: He moves me almost as much as this innocent victim, whose death I have occasioned.

Gordon followed him to the chamber, where the Prior, Miss Kerkabon, the

the Abbot of St. Ives, and some neighbours, had just recovered the young man from a second swoon.

"I have been the cause of your misfortune," said the under-minister, and I will employ the rest of my life to repair it. The first idea that occurred to the Huron, was to kill him and then himself: nothing could be more natural; but he was without arms, and narrowly watched.

St. Pouange was ~~not~~ repulsed with a refusal, accompanied with all the reproaches, terror and disdain, which he had merited, and which they did not spare him.

Time softens all things: M. Louvois was enabled at last to make an excellent officer of the Huron, who appeared

appeared at Paris and in the army under another name, with the approbation of every worthy person, being at once a philosopher and an intrepid warrior.

He could never speak of this adventure without grief; and yet his chief consolation was to talk of it: he cherished the memory of his tender St. Ives to the last moment of his life. The Abbot of St. Ives and the Prior had each a good benefice: the good Kerkabon was better pleased to see her nephew advanced in a military way, than as a Sub-deacon. The devout lady of Versailles kept the diamond earrings, and received also a handsome present. Father Tout-à-tous had some pounds of chocolate, coffee, sugar-candy, citrons, confectionary, the Meditations

ditionations of the reverend Father Croiset, and the Flower of Saints bound in Morocco. The good Gordon lived with the Huron, in the strictest friendship, to his death. He had a benefice too, and entirely forgot his special grace, and the concomitant concurrence. He took for his motto, *Misfortunes are good for something.* How many honest people are there in the world, who may say, *Misfortunes are good for nothing.*

THE END.